The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November, *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Lang has undertaken the editorship of a new issue of Sir Walter Scott's novels. The edition will be published by Mr. John Nimmo in forty-eight volumes, and the size will be rather larger than the popular 12mo edition published by Messrs. Black. It will be printed at the Chiswick Press, and the printing, paper, and illustrations will rival any edition that has ever been published of the great novelist's works. For those who desire an *edition de luxe* a limited number will be printed on hand-made paper. Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston, have secured the American edition, which will be published simultaneously with the English one.

Mr. George Meredith is at present exclusively devoting himself to poetry.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's popularity is growing. 'Life's Handicap' has far exceeded in sale any previous six-shilling book by the author—two large editions having been called for in less than three weeks.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's 'The Little Minister' will be issued in three volumes by Messrs. Cassell on Oct. 12th. It has been slightly altered in the beginning, and chapter headings have been added. New editions of 'When a Man's Single' and 'My Lady Nicotine' (Hodder and Stoughton) are in the press, and it is in contemplation to publish a large paper edition of 'A Window in Thrums.'

Professor Henry Drummond intends publishing through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton a Christmas booklet—one of the marvellously popular series of which 'The Greatest Thing in the World' was the first. It will probably deal with the Programme of Christianity. A new German translation of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' is about to be published, and the volume in English may probably be added after revision to the Tauchnitz series.

Not a few of Robert Louis Stevenson's admirers fear, especially when they read the letters above his name in *Black and White*, that in his new home he is too far removed from the sources of inspiration. There is a curious comment on this fear in the fact that in his new novel, 'The Wrecker,' he draws copiously from the experiences of his youth. To his intimates in Edinburgh more than one of the characters are familiar; and those who were associated with him in his Paris days are having them recalled by the early chapters in *Scribner's*. Mr. Stevenson was one of a little band of Englishmen and Americans who spent many months together in a village on the confines of the forest of Fontainebleau. He had just returned from a long cruise in a friend's yacht and had set to work upon his 'Inland Voyage.' Previously to this he had contributed to the *Cornhill* one or two of the essays which were afterwards collected under the title, 'Virginibus Puerisque'; and it was from here that he started on his famous journey 'Through the Cevennes on a Donkey.' In these days Stevenson was full of enthusiasm. Everything that he came across he invested with an air of romance. He was constantly dragging his friends across Paris to introduce them to "characters" of all sorts and conditions, whom he had discovered. It is interesting to know that among those who occasionally ran down from Paris to visit him at Fontainebleau was the Belgian artist Van Beers, who was then an unknown personality.

The repression and strict impartiality of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's biographies somewhat disguise the warmth of his feeling, as this extract from a letter about his father shows: "'He was a man I loved,' you say; I think he was the most loveable of men; it is strange how frequently the word comes up now that he is gone; even in a minute of a scientific society there was the word 'love.' What an epitaph!"

We regret to hear that the late James Runciman died leaving behind him some burden of debt, for which his long struggle with ill-health fully accounts. Mrs. Runciman has bravely taken up her old position as a teacher under the London School Board, but her salary is very inadequate for the support of her family, and it is to be hoped a generous response will be given to the appeal that is being made for help.

Miss Lily Dougall, who has achieved a success in the new novel 'Beggars All,' published by Messrs. Longman, is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Dougall, of Montreal,

who was editor of the *Montreal Witness*. Her brother now edits that paper. She gained a prize in one of the *British Weekly* competitions, and has contributed to various magazines. Miss Dougall proposes to reside mostly on this side of the water.

A memoir of the late William Bell Scott is being prepared by Professor Minto, of Aberdeen University.

Mr. Gladstone was much interested in the three articles on Cardinal Newman, which Mr. Arthur Hutton contributed to the *Expositor* last year; but he doubted whether they did full justice to some of the fine qualities which Newman possessed. Mrs. Drew agreed with her father that they were somewhat one-sided. Mr. Hutton intends, therefore, to rewrite the articles from a slightly different standpoint, and to issue them, with numerous additions, in the shape of a book. It will probably bear the title of 'Recollections,' and will contain numerous hitherto unpublished letters. It is not thought likely that any authoritative biography of Newman will appear for some years to come.

Renan says somewhere that the best man to write the history of a religion is a sceptic who once believed in it. Mr. Hutton was once a member of the Roman Catholic Church: now he holds no form of creed, but contemplates them all. He is at work upon a Life of Cardinal Manning for Messrs. Methuen's series, English Leaders of Religion, but it will not be published until after the Cardinal's death. Nor will the Newman 'Recollections' be in the printers' hands until somewhere about the middle of next year.

Mr. Hutton, while not regarding Cardinal Manning as a man of supreme genius, will lay due stress upon the fact that he possesses decided ability, and that he is an excellent administrator. Whatever he takes up he does thoroughly. He will also draw attention to the remarkable fact that the Cardinal was greatly beloved by two Popes of such different natures as Pius IX. and Leo XIII. He supported the former in his attempts to build up the infallibility and supremacy of the Roman Church, and he has, more recently, initiated the line taken by the latter on the social problem. Cardinal Manning has promised information concerning his family, but such help as he can give is given on the distinct understanding that the book should not appear in his lifetime.

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's new collection of essays, 'Horae Sabbaticae,' will not comprise his first remarkable book, 'Essays by a Barrister,' but, like it, will be reprinted from the *Saturday Review*.

The poems of William Caldwell Roscoe, which are to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan, under the editorship of his daughter, are largely those which appeared in the selections made by Mr. Hutton, but Miss Roscoe has added two or three others. Some which are very beautiful she has considered hardly finished enough for publication. We hope she will receive such encouragement as will induce her to issue her father's essays, which are among the finest pieces of English prose criticism, and really show more of his gifts than even the poems.

That popular novelist, Edna Lyall, will shortly issue, through Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Limited, a small *brochure*, entitled 'Max Hereford's Dream,' dealing with the much-debated question of prayers for the dead.

'The New Calendar of Great Men,' edited by Mr. Frederic Harrison, which is to appear shortly, is the Positivist Calendar of Comte treated biographically. It contains in Comte's own words "a concise view of the preparatory period of man's history"—preparatory, that is, to the reign of Humanity. The days of the first month of the year are apportioned to gods and men of the initial theocracy; those of the last to the lights of modern science. This first day of October, otherwise the 22nd day of the month of Shakespeare, is the day of Pergolese and Palestrina. Some of the most important biographies for this calendar, remarkable for its omissions and even more for its comprehensiveness, have been prepared by Mr. Harrison and Dr. Bridges, but others not strictly of the Positivist faith are to be counted amongst the contributors.

Two of Mr. Meredith's short stories (they make a small volume each), namely, 'Chloe' and 'The Case of Lady Camper and General Ople,' are published in America by Lovell. The one is a tragedy, the other a comedy which contains a warning against the use of imbecile English. Mr. Meredith's other short story, 'The House on the Beach' (in which his favourite figure reappears in strange attire), is not, however, printed in America. All appeared many years ago in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, and 'Chloe' is among his greatest works.

Mr. Leland's translation of Heine, though it will run into twenty volumes, gives promise of success, the first volume having had a rapid sale. Mr. Heinemann's publications are fast making a reputation for themselves.

Messrs. Routledge promise for the autumn season an *edition de luxe* of the 'Songs of Two Savoyards.' This, if well done, should prove a very great success.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith will publish next month a new book by Max O'Rell, entitled 'The Frenchman in America.'

Mr. Barry Pain, the new humourist, whose work, 'In a Canadian Canoe,' has deservedly proved one of the successes of the month, is now a regular contributor to *Punch*. He is one of the clever young men Mr. Wemyss Reid has drawn round him in the *Speaker*, where he writes the reviews of novels, and to which he contributed 'Our Home Pets'—not the most successful part of his work.

Mr. Leslie Brooke (a nephew of Mr. Stopford Brooke) takes the place of Walter Crane as the illustrator of Mrs. Molesworth's annual Christmas volume.

A new member went into a certain club lately, and asked a stranger whom he met in the hall to show him the smoking-room. The stranger courteously conducted him over the building, and then said, "And now you will

dine with me?" The new member could not trespass so far on the other's good nature. "But you simply must dine with me," insisted the stranger, "to commemorate a great occasion. I have been a member of this club for twenty years, and you are the first person who has spoken to me in it." *Exeunt* to dinner.

An actor who played in "Beau Austin" was talking recently to a friend about its authors, Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. R. L. Stevenson. "Who is Henley?" the actor asked, and was told that Mr. Henley edited the *National Observer*. "Of course," he went on, "I know who Stevenson is; he is *the* Stevenson, the man who wrote the libretto of 'Dorothy.'" The friend explained that R. L. S. was another Stevenson. "Oh," said the actor, "I always thought he was *the* Stevenson."

This remark by a well-known literary man may be at once a guidance to authors who are pestered by unknown correspondents and a warning to the correspondents. "I answer all letters," he says, "except the funny ones."

One of the most important theological books to be issued during the present month will be Dr. Maclagan's (the recently-appointed Archbishop of York) 'Pastoral Letters and Synodal Addresses.' These addresses were delivered to the clergy and laity in the Diocese of Lichfield, and as its late Bishop was the first to revive the Diocesan Synod, they should be of especial interest. Messrs. W. Gardner, Darton, and Co. will be the publishers.

Walter Scott and Co. are publishing 'For Lust of Gold,' a novel, by Aaron Watson, formerly editor of a well-known paper. Mr. Watson, in collaboration with Mrs. Lillias Wassermann, is engaged on another story, which will be ready for the press before the end of the year.

In the Freshwater Church there is a marble tablet about thirty inches square fixed into the wall by the lectern. On this plain, simple tablet there is the following in memoriam to Lionel Tennyson, signed "A. T." It was almost unnecessary to place the poet's initials under these lines, for no one could mistake the Tennysonian art of loading a slight song with a large burden of meaning—

"Truth for truth is truth he worshipt, being true as he was brave;
Good for good is good he follow'd, yet he looked beyond the grave.
Truth for truth, and good for good! The good, the true, the pure, the just!
Take the charm 'for ever' from them, and they crumble into dust."

Among all ranks and degrees in Freshwater, Lionel Tennyson is remembered with esteem, admiration, and affection. Boatmen, cabdrivers, labourers, lodging-house keepers, all seem to regard his death as a personal loss.

David Christie Murray's novels are full of faithful pictures of persons and of places. We met with an illustration of this recently. Visiting a house in a remote town in Scotland, we found, in an otherwise scanty library, a complete set of Mr. Christie Murray's works. The explanation was interesting. Our host had happened to pick up a copy of 'Joseph's Coat' at a railway bookstall. He had not read very far when he found himself back in the scenes of his youth. Places, characters, even a few of the incidents were familiar to him; and turning to the title-page he remembered that David Murray had been his schoolfellow in his own little English town.

How many people in this generation have ever read a word of Charles Wells? His name, it is true, is immortalised by Keats, who thanked him by a sonnet for a gift of roses; but in spite of his own individual claim to be remembered, he is forgotten. His most notable work, 'Joseph and his Brethren,' was reprinted in 1876, and Mr. Swinburne wrote a prefatory note. All who read that poem are struck by its power and astounded that it is still so little known.

But Wells wrote prose too, and a collection of tales published in 1822, the year after Keats' death, called 'Stories after Nature,' has been valued by those who have had the rare fortune to possess a copy. It need be scarce no longer. A reprint, with a preface by the well-known engraver, W. J. Linton, an old admirer of Wells, will be published shortly by Lawrence and Bullen, and is now in the press. The volume will contain one tale, 'Claribel,' not in the 1822 edition, which Mr. Linton has unearthed from the files of an old magazine.

A new Herrick and an English Scarron are also announced by this firm. Mr. Swinburne has written a preface to this edition of Herrick, which lovers of dainty books will be eager to secure. The text is reprinted from the original edition, with the spelling modernised. Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum, well known for his editing of 'English Miracle Plays,' has written the notes. The volume is the first of a series to be called, 'The Muse's Library.'

Of 'The Comic Romance' of Paul Scarron there are two eighteenth century translations, one by "Tom Brown, of Shifnel," the other by Goldsmith. The latter, in spite of the ambitious and superior tone of its preface, is interesting mainly as containing an astounding amount of bare-faced cribbing from the version it disdains. It is the "Tom Brown" translation, and an excellent one it is, that has been reprinted. It will be issued shortly with a preface by M. Jusserand, and with reproductions of the original French designs by Oudry in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Mr. Irving's eldest son, who has just appeared at the Garrick in 'School,' is a good bookman. Of English history he has read much, and being intended primarily for the law, he made some progress with the study of Criminal Anthropology. He is youthful in appearance, clean shaved of course, and he has the stoop of his father—but not "the leetel dog" as yet.

The letters of James Smetham announced by Messrs. Macmillan will, we understand, be edited by Mr. Davids. Smetham spent the last years of his life at Ongar. One of his most characteristic pieces of writing will be found in the remarkable but little known religious biography, the life of George Steward, the author of 'Mediatorial Sovereignty.'

Jean Ingelow has given an American correspondent the circumstances under which she wrote her poem 'Divided.' She was then living at Marden Ash, Ongar, Essex, the

house for long occupied by our esteemed contributor, Mr. Josiah Gilbert.

Two volumes, which doubtless have been in preparation for many months past, and now first advertised, would seem good investments. One is Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford,' with illustrations by Hugh Thomson. The other, 'Queen Summer,' by Walter Crane. How often of late years has the bookseller been asked for 'Cranford' by itself without the other stories, which the purchaser of the half-crown edition has up to now been obliged to buy. Now, presumably, we are to have 'Cranford' alone to put alongside the 'Vicar' of last year.

The Rev. William Hudson, M.A., an enthusiastic local antiquary, has just completed a work of great interest to archæologists, entitled 'The Wards of the City of Norwich, their Origin and History,' which is being published by subscription by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons. A good deal of their earlier history has been gathered by Mr. Hudson from the very valuable series of Leet rolls of the thirteenth century preserved in Norwich Guildhall.

An important addition will shortly be made to the already extensive literature of the Emin Pasha Expedition, in Surgeon Parke's 'My Personal Experience in Equatorial Africa.' The work will be fully illustrated, and published by Messrs. S. Low and Co.

Both quantity and quality will be well represented in Pears' Christmas Annual, 1891, to be published in November, by Messrs. Simpkin. The principal story will be Dickens' 'Cricket on the Hearth,' with illustrations by L. Rossi. Three large coloured plates will be presented with the Annual.

A choice edition of Sheridan's masterpiece, 'The School for Scandal,' will be ready for Christmas. It will be illustrated with seventeen highly artistic chromo-lithographs, and published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Limited. The work has been produced entirely in England, and will form one of the most acceptable gift-books of the season. The cover is handsomely designed, and consists of medallion portraits of the principal characters in the play.

Messrs. Howe are to issue in their sixpenny Everybody's Series "the most convenient editions of the best English novelists that have ever been published."

'The Bushrangers,' an account of the capture of the Kelly gang, by Mr. Francis Augustus Hare, late Superintendent of the Victorian police, which is to be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, ought to be very interesting, especially to all Australasians. It will be fully illustrated.

Mrs. Oliphant is one of the few living authors who was praised by Jeffrey. He declared that her *Margaret Maitland* was superior to anything in its line since Galt.

Messrs. Routledge, always among the first accurately to gauge the wants of the public, have made another happy hit with Sir John Lubbock's Best Hundred Books. Smiles' 'Self Help' would seem to have been specially successful.

None of the many issues of Charles Dickens, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, have pleased better than the "Crown" edition, just completed in seventeen volumes. The whole of the original illustrations are given, and the paper, printing, and binding reflect great credit on the firm. We understand that, in response to a very generally expressed wish, Messrs. Chapman and Hall intend to publish Forster's 'Life of Dickens' in the same form. The demand for Dickens increases day by day.

The large paper edition of Mr. Lang's forthcoming 'Blue Poetry Book' (Longmans) is now quite out of print.

We are glad to hear that Messrs. Dent's edition of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' has so far achieved a success—the large paper edition having been out of print for the past month. The publishers expect to complete the work in December.

The fine set of Sir William Stirling Maxwell's works, issued in so creditable a manner by Mr. John Nimmo, has, we regret to learn, been less successful than might have been expected, though very well taken up by the trade.

Messrs. Blackie have sent the following to the trade: "On and after October 15th, the 'Henry Irving Shakespere' will be sold in sets only." Our readers who have not yet completed their sets of the work should do so at once.

A bookseller writes to us that while the *edition de luxe* of Sir Walter Scott's novels, published by Messrs. Ward, is excellent in illustrations, paper, and type, his customers object so much to the binding that he has ceased to keep it in stock. He adds, "In these days, unless a book is tastefully bound, people refuse to have anything to do with it. I believe that the success of a book, especially if it is one of a series, depends very much upon the taste displayed in the get-up of the cover."

The "Minerva Library," published by Messrs. Ward, is, with a few exceptions, having a very large sale.

A leading London bookseller informs us that while Lowell's poetical works have been much in demand during recent weeks, there has been an almost entire absence of inquiry for his prose works.

The illustrated edition of Dr. Atkinson's 'Forty Years in a Moorland Parish' (Macmillan) ran out of print in a few days.

Mr. Le Gallienne's 'The Book Bills of Narcissus,' the latest addition to Frank Murray's "Moray Library," in both large and small paper editions, was all disposed of in a few days—large paper copies at an advanced price.

A leading bookseller writes us: The tendency to bring the price of books down within reach of the general public is one that, so far as the East of England is concerned, leads to a large circulation of standard literature. The public will buy books readily at a sum

not exceeding the orthodox two-and-eightpence net, but a higher price seriously debars the demand for high-class fiction. The works of Kingsley, Dickens, Thackeray, Crawford, Haggard, and—among newer authors—Rolf Boldrewood and Kipling, at 3s. 6d. or less, sell readily, whereas the demand for William Black's, at 6s., is much lower than for Hardy's or Blackmore's novels. Messrs. Macmillan have set a good example, with advantage to themselves, in bringing out a first-class 3s. 6d. series of standard books, and equal praise may be given to Messrs. Longman for their admirable 'Silver Library.'

We are informed by one who ought to know better than almost any one else, that the "nett" system of published prices, adopted by many of the leading publishers during the last few years, appears to have almost run its course. This mode of publishing found little favour with either the Row, the retail trade, or the general public, and although it may occasionally be adopted with advantage when issuing technical books or books with only a limited issue, still the book-buying public who have been accustomed to purchase books with the "usual discount," will "boycott" any system from which discounts are excluded. The present ruinous custom of giving discounts will in all probability right itself, if only left alone by the publishers.

Mr. Robert Routledge will preside at the second annual dinner of the London Booksellers' Society on October 1st.

Of what volumes the bookseller's library should consist there is no space here to tell, but if he would graduate a double first as a bookman, let him not stint his bibliographical purchases—that is, booky books. Two recent publications he might certainly add to his collection—Macmillan's 'Bibliographical Catalogue' (if he is not already the fortunate possessor of a presentation copy) and the 'Catalogue of the Guilles-Alles Library,' by Mr. Alfred Cotgreave. This last-named has the useful feature of a subject and chronological index to English prose fiction.

The *Spectator* remarked recently that if there was one thing more than another that the English were mean in it was in book-buying. Nothing more true, and coming with all the editorial weight of Wellington-street, it should be heeded.

It is indeed a fact that the richest people are in book-buying the very stingiest. It is Mudie for everything, and but few appear to possess the instinct of the collector, or at all understand the pleasures of possession. It would probably be found, if information were carefully sought, that barristers and lawyers generally possess the best private libraries at the present time.

With the Americans it is very different. They throng our cities season after season, and take back with them rich spoils from their hunt. It is to them that we look to fill our shops during the dull months in London of August and September. The American girl in London is always charming from her bright intelligence, but when good looks are coupled with other graces, there is a double welcome for her.

Mr. Gladstone is well known as an inveterate book-buyer. It is his invariable practice in ordering books from a second-hand catalogue to stipulate for ten per cent. discount.

Second-hand booksellers get orders from the most unlikely places. We saw recently in an Edinburgh shop a very large collection of works on Junius, which had been ordered by a purchaser in Omaha. We believe the nearest bookseller to Omaha is some three thousand miles distant.

Mr. W. W. Astor, the American millionaire, has a nice taste in books. He affects the lighter study of history in the Diarists, but perhaps his favourite subject is the history of France in modern times, and he has much of the Salon gossip at his finger-ends. He was for a time American Minister at Rome, but is now in England, and has taken Lansdowne House, so long occupied by Lord Rosebery.

The Honourable Percy Allsopp is one of the most booky men in the House of Commons. The popular member for Taunton knows a good book when he sees it, and he is not stingy. He is a student of folk-lore and other branches of antiquarianism.

The young outsider's desire is to "join the staff" of some leading paper. But in London (though not in the "provinces") to be on the "staff" has ceased to be everything. Many prominent journalists find that it pays them better to be free lances, when they can write for various papers and write from anywhere. Certainly it must be more pleasant (if not so easy) to make a thousand a year in this way than on the staff of a journal which allows no one whom it pays a fixed salary to write for other papers, or even to contribute to the magazines.

We invited an author, who is both journalist and novelist (and smokes constantly), to tell readers of The Bookman how he worked. His only reply was the following on a crumpled sheet, which had evidently once contained tobacco:—

Journalism.	Fiction.
2 pipes, 1 hour	8 pipes, 1 ounce
2 hours, 1 idea	7 ounces, 1 week
1 idea, 3 pars	2 weeks, 1 chap
3 pars, 1 leader	20 chaps, 1 nib
	2 nibs, 1 novel

Mr. Whitfield, who was until the close of last year editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, is now in charge of the *Devonport Independent*, an old-established penny weekly paper, which he is bringing out as a bi-weekly. His ultimate intention is, we believe, to publish it as a daily evening paper, but whether he will reach that stage is at least doubtful. A rumour was at one time afloat in Plymouth that the proprietors either of the *Western Morning News* or of the *Mercury* would forestall him by producing an evening paper of their own, but of this there is at present no likelihood.

One of the most interesting things in latter-day journalism is the struggle of the new Labour movement to express its hopes and longings in a literary form. The

efforts by which this struggle is marked are, for the most part, rendered vain by the double want of producer and consumer. The Labour paper is generally conspicuous by the absence of anyone to write for it or of anyone to read it. The consequence is the extreme brevity of life which, for the most part, marks all such organisms. Many *Labour Worlds* have swum into our ken, and then vanished again into space; many *Labour Electors* have started life with every hope of a long career, and disappeared ere attaining their majority. A few, like the *Workers' Cry*, amalgamate with forlorn brethren in distress, and linger on in continuous effort to strive against the facts of existence, but their life is not a happy one.

There is, however, one among these Labour papers which looks as if it had brighter hopes for the future. The *Trade Unionist* is nominally edited by Mr. Tom Mann, but it is no secret to say that the busy Carnot of the Labour movement has no time for prolonged literary labours. The bulk of the work really falls on a promising young journalist named Mr. Vaughan Nash. Mr. Nash hails from Clifton, and has already played an important part in several co-operative experiments and strikes. He is doing excellent work in his reports on the Alkali Union and the Trades Union Congress, and it looks as if he would perform the apparently impossible task of making a Labour paper succeed. The *Trade Unionist* has been just formed into a company, and, according to all reports, marches prospering.

All arrangements have now been made for the new Manchester evening paper, which is shortly to be started in connection with the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. It remains to be seen whether there is room for a new-comer in a field which is already occupied by two excellent journals, but the constant increase of population and business in and around Manchester encourages hope. The editor of the new paper will be Mr. A. B. Chamberlain, who has recently, we believe, been connected with the London edition of the *New York Herald*.

The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* are making progress with the introduction of their new machines, which promise to be the most remarkable yet used in any newspaper office in this country. The machine adopted is of an American pattern, and will print two at a time, and reach a total speed of 24,000 per hour. In order to provide storage for the additional weight of paper and other conveniences, it has been found necessary to reconstruct a portion of the premises, which were by no means otherwise in need of reconstruction. The total outlay cannot be far short of six figures.

On and after the 1st of October, the office of the *Review of Reviews* will be transferred from Mowbray House, Burleigh-street, to Messrs. H. Marshall and Son, Fleet-street.

A second edition, in one-volume form, of Mr. Henry Johnston's popular Scotch story of 'Kilmallie' will be published immediately. Mr. Johnston is already engaged on another story.

The proprietors of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* intend to try the experiment of a sixpenny illustrated Christmas number composed mainly of fiction. Among the English contributors will be Mr. William Westall and Sir Gilbert Campbell.

We understand that the letters and diaries of the late George Gilfillan have been placed by Mrs. Gilfillan in the skilful hands of the Rev. Dr. R. A. Watson, of Dundee, the well-known theological writer. Dr. Watson has hopes of producing a volume based on them in the autumn of next year. Mr. David Macrae is reprinting, with additions, his interesting articles on Mr. Gilfillan in the *Weekly Mail*. The enthusiasm with which Sydney Dobell and others regarded Gilfillan is witnessed in Dobell's Life and elsewhere, and we learn from Mr. Hall Caine that D. G. Rossetti partly shared in it.

Mr. Mackinlay, of Glasgow, will shortly publish 'George Square, Glasgow, and the Lives of those whom its Statues Commemorate,' by Thomas Somerville.

Dr. Gwynn, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Dublin, is working hard upon a work dealing with the Syriac text of the New Testament.

Dr. Mahaffy has just printed an important contribution to Egyptological studies in his Cunningham Memoir published by the Royal Irish Academy. Its price, two guineas, however, will prevent a very large circulation. The manuscripts which form the basis of Dr. Mahaffy's work were discovered and their value first elucidated by Mr. Flinders Petrie.

M. Renan is working at the fourth volume of his 'Histoire du Peuple d'Israël,' which he hopes will be ready by December 1st.

The publishers Zanichelli, of Bologna, will issue in October, 'Gli amori di Ugo Foscolo nelle sue lettere.' The work will be in two volumes. It will contain a great deal of hitherto unpublished matter, and will be edited by Guiseppe Chiarini. One chapter is devoted to Ugo's love stories in England, during his long exile.

England claims a special interest in this great Italian. He tired out a good many English friends, it is true, by his extravagant and capricious temper, but it was not only sympathisers with Italian nationalism who recognised the power of his intellect and the sincerity of its patriotism. His bones mouldered in the old graveyard of Chiswick Church for forty-one years before they were borne away, in 1871, by a united and grateful Italy, to rest in Santa Croce. To his grave in Chiswick Garibaldi paid an early morning pilgrimage during a visit to England, and the spot is marked by a monument erected by his fellow-countrymen.

The valuable collection of manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, belonging to the library of the Institute of France and to the Bibliothêque Nationale, have now been published in fac-simile, with a French translation and excellent biblio-

graphical supplement by M. Charles Ravaisson-Mollien. The manuscripts are of the utmost interest. Besides a large number of designs and sketches, they contain the pith of the theories of art and philosophy which sprung from the brain of the most learned of all the painters.

The romance has passed away, they tell us, from the bookstalls on the Paris quays. Their best days are over, and he who thinks to pick up an intellectual meal or tit-bit, as he saunters by the Seine, is only assured of the pickings of the feast. From the "bouquiniste's" point of view, this means that his days of prosperity have come. His tumble-down state has undergone modern improvements, and he is now a comfortable bourgeois. Along with the bad times have gone the good books, but he would doubtless put that down, not to his own lack of professional skill, but to the sudden rapacity of wealthy Americans for things with a history.

Jules Verne, the inexhaustible, has another adventure story ready—'Mistress Branican.'—J. Hetzel.

There was another Jules Verne in France, Jules Gros by name, who died recently in Paris. He was not quite so prolific as his *confrère*, but his tales of travel and adventure breathe the same love of the marvellous and the daring. His contributions to geography were considerable, and an out-of-the-way corner of a French colony once gave him the title of "Président de la Republique de la Guyane Indépendante," which, it seems, he took seriously, though no one else did. He instituted the Order of the Star of Cormani, and used to wear the decoration himself.

Feuerbach is little known in this country, and yet some of his works, 'Thoughts of a Thinker,' 'Man and Author,' etc., would well repay readers who are not afraid of the atmosphere of German mysticism. An account of his strong and interesting personality, and an exposition of his peculiar attitude towards the systems of philosophy in vogue in his day, has recently been brought out by W. Bolin, at Stuttgart.

'Sensations d'Italie' is the title of M. Bourget's latest collection of studies.

To the average foreigner modern English poetry still means Byron and little else. This has almost passed into a commonplace so far as Frenchmen are concerned, but Signor Chiarini has devoted two articles in the 'Nuova Antologia' to a description of the wonderful and almost unparalleled influence that Byron exerted in all the civilised states of the continent of Europe long after his own countrymen had cooled in their enthusiasm. This influence is to be attributed, according to Signor Chiarini, to the fact that in respect of the subjects he chose and by his cast of mind, he was the most distinctly European poet that ever lived.

The house of Armand Colin in Paris is bringing out an excellent series of popular historical romances, dealing with the various epochs of French history. One of the latest, 'Le Roman du Mont Saint-Michel,' treats of the second half of the fourteenth century, and is evidently inspired by a passage from Froissart. English publishers might do well to follow this lead.

There have recently been appearing in 'Le Livre Moderne' a series of selections from M. Zola's letters to his friends, dealing with his different works as he has had them in hand. They are a valuable contribution to our knowledge of one who, whatever criticisms and attacks he may deserve, is none the less one of the most remarkable men of the time. Perhaps it is to the literary workman, however, that they tell most—of unsparing effort, and conscientious study amidst "continual fever and eternal doubt."

An interesting inquiry has recently been carried out by M. Arréat in respect to the question of heredity among painters. Out of three hundred whose ancestry he took the trouble to trace, two-thirds were sons of painters or of workers in some skilled art or craft.

The improvisatore is unknown amongst us. Were he to appear we should probably treat him as a quack, not perhaps without reason. Yet the very inability of our national genius for this kind of intellectual exercise lends a certain interest to the consideration of it, and the curious will find the subject carefully dealt with in two books lately published by the publishers, Fabbri in Teramo, one of them by Dino Mantovani dealing more especially with the theory of the art, the other by Professor Pannella, with the life and poetry of that once famous "improvisatrice," Giannina Milli.

The eighteenth century, the golden age of improvising, was, as it happened, the darkest age of Italian poetry, and indeed Mantovani does not see in improvising any great evidence of poetical power. Any one could learn to do it more or less, he says; but then he is speaking to his compatriots. The improvisatores of the "Young Italy" period were perhaps at a higher level, just because less perfect in expression. They wished to move souls, not to create works of art. Foremost among them was a remarkable woman, Giannina Milli, of a rough and uncultivated genius, but with real poetic fire. "Fleeting and rude was my note," she herself said, "but the love of Italy inspired it." It is of the life of this improvisatrice that Professor Pannella writes, quoting largely from her poetry, some of which is not accessible nowadays, as many copies of her works were destroyed for political reasons. La Milli died in Florence in 1888.

A neat description of the "American novel" comes from New York, where perhaps there is a secret yearning for more incident in fiction. The American novelist, it appears, gets his characters into a circle and sends them walking round and round and round, and the public watches them going round and round and round, and the novelist watches them going round and round and round, until at last he tires and goes away, leaving them walking round and round and round.

But there is a mistake in the above paragraph. There is no such thing as an American novelist. Those of them who are not fictionists are fictive artists.

Journalistic circles in America are much excited over what is known as the "substitution" question. It seems that advertisers, especially of patent medicines, find that everywhere counterfeiters are at work supplying cheaper articles, and thus reaping the profit of the investments of others. So far has this gone that the "Hosteller" Company has found it necessary to establish a regular detective bureau as a distinct part of their business.

The chief paper in Yokohama, the *Japan Gazette*, a large daily journal, is edited by a lady who bears the suitable appellation of Mrs. W. H. Smith. We are told by an American paper that "she is very virile in her literary work, and writes as corrosive an editorial or as comprehensive a market report as any newspaper man in the East."

A new monthly magazine, to be called *The Club*, is to be started in New York. It will be "issued in the highest style of printers' and engravers' art, and devoted, as its name implies, to club life for men and women."

Dr. J. W. Olmstead, editor of the *Boston Watchman*, an old-fashioned religious journal, died lately at the age of seventy-five.

A new Rider Haggard has been discovered by the McLure Syndicate, who are sending out his 'Back from the Dead,' the story of a man who was hanged, told by himself. The name of the coming novelist is Saqui Smith, and he is a reporter on the *New York Tribune*.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has commenced in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the most widely circulated periodical in America, a series of six articles, "Mr. Beecher as I knew him." She describes his habits as a young man, her engagement to him, his purchase of the engagement-ring, and other weighty matters.

In the *Eclectic Review*, 1851 (ii.), p. 66, we came recently on the following passage: "It is curious to observe the wisdom and penetration of those who have at all mingled in literary society. They read an author, study his peculiarities and style, and imagine they perfectly understand his whole system of thought, and could detect one mistake instantly. But to show that even authors themselves are not always infallible judges, we will relate an anecdote which has never yet been made public, though, having received it from an undoubted source, we venture to vouch for its veracity. Shelley, whose poems many years ago were so much read and admired, necessarily excited much discussion in literary circles. A party of literary men were one evening engaged in canvassing his merits, when one of them declared that he knew the turns of Shelley's mind so well that amongst a thousand anonymous pieces he would detect his, no matter when published. Mr. James Augustus St. John, who was present, not liking the blustering tone of the speaker, remarked that he thought he was mistaken, and that it would, amongst so many, be difficult to trace the style of Shelley. Every one present, however, sided with his opponent, and agreed that it was perfectly impossible that any one could imitate his style. A few days after a poem, entitled 'To the Queen of My Heart,' appeared in the *London Weekly Review*, with Shelley's signature, but written by Mr. St. John himself. The same coterie met and discussed the poem brought to their notice, and prided themselves much upon their discrimination: said they at once recognised the 'style of Shelley, could not be mistaken, his soul breathed through it—it was himself.' And so 'The Queen of My Heart' was settled to be Shelley's! and to this day it is numbered with his poems (see Shelley's Works, edited by Mrs. Shelley, vol. iv., p. 166. It deceived even his wife), and very few are in the secret that it is not actually his. The imitation was perfect, and completely deceived every one, much to the discomfiture of all concerned."

We forwarded the passage to Professor Dowden, who has kindly sent us the following note in reply: "The passage from the *Eclectic Review* is new to me, and is very interesting. Mrs. Shelley first printed and then rejected 'Queen of My Heart.' Medwin had previously printed it as Shelley's. Forman prints it among *Juvenilia*. Garnett rejects it. I printed it, but with great misgivings, and with a footnote to warn the reader that it is of doubtful authenticity, placing it, as Forman does, among the *Juvenilia*. It ought never to have been mistaken for a poem of Shelley's maturity, and Medwin's authority is the only ground for admitting it among Shelley's poems. I do not believe he wrote it."

Emerson has had few more appreciative critics than Mr. John Morley. That being so, Mr. Morley would probably be amused were he to read to-day the notes of a youthful lecture on "Reading," delivered by him in his native town of Blackburn in 1864, as reported in Pitman's 'Popular Lecturer and Reader' of that year. Speaking of those whose minds are like sieves, and whose only "object is to drench the mind in a certain quantity of words," he declares there is no more benefit for these to be "derived from Bacon or Shakespeare than from Martin Tupper or *Ralph Waldo Emerson*." It would be interesting to know at what period he found this coupling of names incongruous.

A Byron volume, which should not be allowed to drop out of sight, appeared in Mr. B. Dobell's catalogue some twelve years ago. The title was 'The Unpublished Letters of Lord Byron. Edited, with a Critical Essay on the Poet's Philosophy and Character, by H. S. Schultess Young.' It was in 8vo, and bore the imprint of Bentley, 1872. It came from the collection of Dr. Doran, and had an autograph letter inserted from the publisher, in which he said, "Don't review it or consider it certain that it will be published." It contained a series of letters addressed to a lady, who had apparently been a former mistress of the poet.

Professor De Morgan was wont to say, truly enough, that those books are little read which are supposed to be best known. A notable example is a discussion which once took place on the origin of the maxim, "A man who will make a pun will pick a pocket." It was given to Johnson, but at last some one found it in the notes to the *Hilliad* by Johnson's friend Smart. Here it rested till another student found it in the *Dunciad*, in the note to line 63 of the first book.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE: RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

Chapter I.

IT was in the year of Queen Victoria's accession that the words, "By Thomas Carlyle," first appeared on a title page. The work was his 'French Revolution,' of which the present writer once heard him say, "I put more of my life into that than into any of my books." The times were not favourable to the success of the great prose epic. There was little seriousness in the literature of the day, and little demand for serious literature. The favourites of the reading public were Macaulay, with his brilliant common-sense; Bulwer, with his glittering sentimentality; and Dickens, with his genial drollery. 1837 was the year of the appearance of Macaulay's essay on Bacon and of Bulwer's 'Ernest Maltravers'; it was the second year of the issue of 'Pickwick,' which had suddenly leapt into boundless popularity. In politics the quasi-revolutionary excitement which carried the first Reform Bill seemed to have died out. Conservatism was rallying for its victory of a few years later over Lord Melbourne's dawdling ministry. Whatever earnestness there was among cultivated Liberals was monopolised by those of the Radicals who called themselves "philosophical," and intent on translating Benthamism into legislation, for the most part turned away from the glow and gloom of Carlyle's vivid pictorialism. To the average Conservative, his treatment of the great uprising of the French people seemed, of course, far too sympathetic. Then, the startling originality of the style repelled at the threshold many readers, and exasperated almost all the critics. In the most popular literary periodical of the day it was hinted that the author of 'The French Revolution; a History,' must have graduated in "the University of Bedlam."

There were readers, however, Conservative and Radical, high and humble, old and young, who were spell-bound by the wonderful book, which, as Wordsworth has said of genuine poetry, created the taste by which it was enjoyed. Among them were two Edinburgh youths, friends from childhood, school-fellows and college-mates, daily associated in their studies, readings, rambles, and amusements. One of the effects produced on them by 'The French Revolution' was an incitement to acquaint themselves, if possible, with whatever else the author of such a book might have written. There had then been issued no collection of Carlyle's contributions to periodicals, and all of them were anonymous. Aided, however, by a few suggestions from seniors more or less conversant with his scattered writings, these young enthusiasts were fairly successful in tracking Carlyle through volumes upon volumes of reviews and magazines. One of them has never forgotten the joy with which in a thumbed volume of *Fraser's Magazine* he lighted on 'Sartor Resartus,' and with what intensity of interest he followed the spiritual autobiography of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh —the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' it seemed to him, of the nineteenth century, from doubt and despair to "blessedness" and belief. If Scotland was the country of John Knox, it was also that of David Hume, and to the teaching of the Westminster Assembly of Divines had been superadded a knowledge of the scoffing of Voltaire, whose works were in one's father's library, hidden away, but not inaccessible. Carlyle had in his own case reconciled reason with faith; this above all things it was that attracted to him those two striplings. And he had indicated that for others this consummation so devoutly to be wished was attainable through a right study of German literature. What promise, what hope was there not in such a passage as this of his essay, "Characteristics":—"A faith in religion has again become possible and inevitable for the scientific mind, and the word Freethinker no longer means the Denier or Caviller, but the Believer or the Ready to Believe. Nay, in the higher literature of Germany there already lies for him that can read it the beginning of a new revelation of the God-like, as yet unrecognised by the mass of the world, but waiting there for recognition, and sure to find it when the fit hour comes."

With limited resources, to say nothing of limited abilities, we had essayed to decipher this new revelation. But though the effort brought us much knowledge, its object still eluded us. Then in an impatient mood, we indited a brief letter to Carlyle, in which something was said of what seemed to us his supreme position in contemporary English literature. We mentioned our slender studies in German philosophy, and with the audacity of youth, an audacity which in the retrospect astonishes me, we asked him for a solution of the mystery of existence. To our surprise as well as to our delight, there arrived before long an answer from Carlyle. Our foolish epistle had found him in a genial mood, and possibly he was a little pleased to receive even from two unknown youths that recognition of his intellectual supremacy which in all likelihood none of his compeers in the republic of letters would then have cheerfully conceded to him. His curiosity, he told us, had once been as intense as ours, and he left it indirectly to be inferred that it was still unsatisfied. We can never, he said, know "what we are," but we can always partly know what beautiful and noble things may come out of us. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. God so made us. The Hebrew Psalmist had said that long ago, and no Kant or Hegel could tell us more in the wider, more complicated dialect of his day. With regard to German metaphysics and metaphysicians, he referred us to Sir William Hamilton as probably our former teacher, but meanwhile there was one assurance that he could give us on that subject. Kant was the prime author of the new spiritual world, and the systems of Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel were mere superficial modifications and obscurations of his. In conclusion, there was far more to be gained from Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter than from all bodies of philosophy. "These three I will name to you." If a man has learned to look on the world as they looked on it,—"Is not he educated to the highest point of vision humankind has yet attained to, an authentic man of *this* generation, with all past generations lying obedient under his feet, not *dis*obedient round his legs, round his very throat."

A year or two afterwards an opportunity occurred for us to show, as we thought, our grateful devotion to the man whom we regarded as chief teacher in Israel. The chair of "Civil History" in the University of Edinburgh became vacant. Knowing little or nothing of Carlyle apart from his writings, we resolved on attempting to get up a requisition from students of the University asking him to become

a candidate. The patrons of the chair were the Edinburgh Town Council; but, if I remember rightly, they had to select one of two names presented to them by the Faculty of Advocates. Mr. Froude's narrative of this little episode in Carlyle's career contains several inaccuracies and exaggerations. For instance, "A History Chair," he says, "was about to be established." On the contrary, it was established some 120 years before, and in Carlyle's own day and generation it had been filled (1821-37) by Sir William Hamilton. His class was always a very small one, because to attend it was not necessary for a degree or made compulsory on law or divinity students. Hamilton urged on the patrons the desirability of making attendance on his historical prelections necessary, at least for the M.A. degree, but he pleaded in vain. At last, when in 1833 the City of Edinburgh became bankrupt, the Town Council withdrew the modest stipend of £100 a year attached to the chair, and Hamilton gave up lecturing. The chief promoter of the students' requisition—it did not receive very many signatures—was the young friend who had joined me in inditing that letter, previously mentioned, of anxious inquiry to Carlyle, and whose name was Dunipace, not Duniface, as Mr. Froude prints it. My college days were over, and my share in the movement was that of a mere outsider, though a zealous one. I remember writing, rather saucily if not superfluously, to inform Carlyle that the chair of History was as wholly unendowed as his own Teufelsdröckh's Professorship of Things in General at the University of Weissnichtwo. Carlyle naturally declined to become a candidate. His cordial and touching reply to the requisitionists is given by Mr. Froude, according to whom he wrote to someone at the time: "I must take care the dogs do not print it in their newspapers." Whether or not Carlyle sent a monition of the kind I do not remember, but the dogs did not print his reply in the newspapers. The chair of History was accepted by James Ferrier, son-in-law of Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), and afterwards a distinguished metaphysician, but then known only to a few by some contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, among them the series of remarkable papers, 'An Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness.' He held it, actively or passively, in all likelihood passively, for several years, until he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews.

Settling in London a few years afterwards, I was taken one evening by a Scotch friend, an Edinburgh man, to the famous "little house in Chelsea," then No. 5, Cheyne Row. My friend occasionally visited there, and had answered some inquiry of Carlyle's respecting his two young Edinburgh disciples. Carlyle, the servant said, was out of town, but Mrs. Carlyle was at home. Our cards were taken to her, and we were told that she would be with us soon. We were then ushered into that little front parlour in which so many distinguished (and undistinguished) visitors have held colloquy and commune with Carlyle, or listened to his vehement and often violent monologues. It was modestly furnished, the only object in it to attract the least attention being a shelf pendent on one of the walls, containing several books. One of them was a copy of the original edition of Carlyle's translation of 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' a gift from him to the lady before their marriage, with the words, "Von meinem liebsten Freunde," in her handwriting on the fly-leaf of the first of the three volumes. Another was one of those copies of 'Sartor Resartus' which, when every London publisher of note refused to be at the cost of reprinting it from *Fraser*, had been formed by detaching from the magazine the sheets containing the successive instalments of the now famous book and stitching them into volume-form. At the beginning of it was an inscription to "my dear little Jane Carlyle," describing it as "another milestone in our desolate" journey or other analogous substantive. On a table in the back-parlour, shut off from the front one by folding doors, there lay in those years a miniature portrait of Mrs. Carlyle in the bloom of youth and with flower-decked head, a striking contrast to the little lady, plain and rather sallow, but with beautiful dark eyes and the most expressive of countenances, who entering the room, welcomed us to her tea-table. Conversation was soon in full flow, for she knew something of one's Edinburgh belongings, and this was never, in her husband's absence, a silent hostess. The first of her peculiarities which struck me was her Scotch accent. It was as marked as I afterwards found her husband's to be, and differed from it not in degree but in kind, as Haddingtonshire differs from Dumfriesshire. She talked of Edinburgh, and listened with apparent interest to my account of a spectacle which I had witnessed there. It was the impressive wending of a procession of some hundreds of ministers and elders of the Kirk through the streets of Edinburgh from their meeting-place at the old General Assembly to the Hall of a new one. Many of the ministers were old men, and all of them had given up their livings and homes for conscience sake, to found a Free Kirk in which the accursed thing patronage should be unknown. Mrs. Carlyle declared that if she had been there she would have cried. Apropos of Edinburgh and Scottish clericalism she gave us an amusing account of a recent visitor of hers, Bishop Terrot, a Scottish Episcopalian prelate who called himself Bishop of Edinburgh. Mrs. Carlyle laughingly described the complacency with which he had dwelt on some sermon or other recently preached by him in London, to show Londoners what a Scotch bishop could do. If Carlyle had been there he would have been indignant, as he generally was, looking in his wonted fashion at the present in the light of the past, when that insignificant Scottish Episcopal Church was referred to. Trodden under foot by "the beastly hoof of tyranny and oppression" was his summary description of Scotland when Episcopacy was dominant. But Carlyle was not there. He was visiting some simple-minded admirer in Wales, whose conversation, the lady told us in her frank way, he had spoken of in his last letter to her as "verging on the inane." My friend and I took our leave early, Mrs. Carlyle having given me the impression of a very clever and agreeable lady, with a vein in her both of satire and of sentiment.

In course of time I received an invitation to re-visit Cheyne Row, on a specified evening, when Carlyle would be at home. I remember that evening well. It was with no small awe that I found myself at last in the presence of the man whom, since boyhood, I had looked up to as the greatest of seers and the deepest of thinkers, who had solved, as far as they could be solved, the chief problems

of existence. I found husband and wife in the upper chamber, which was Carlyle's workshop. There was his writing-table, and there his library, not a very large one, prominent among its contents being the folios which he was consulting for his Cromwell—Rushworth, Thurloe, Whitelocke, and the rest. Mrs. Carlyle received me amiably, and I was placed at comparative ease by the not very appalling statement from the great man that he had found the streets "rather slushy." The conversation, if conversation it can be called, since the youngest of the party naturally said little, and Mrs. Carlyle nothing, ranged over a great variety of topics. There were inquiries by Carlyle respecting my occupations and studies. In the course of references to Scotland and the Scotch, Carlyle complained of the interest which his countrymen took in what to him was the most trivial of literature, and that, when he last visited his fatherland, he was pestered with questions as to who it was that wrote this, that, and the other thing in *Punch*. Emerson being mentioned, Carlyle said that it was wonderful how as a lecturer he "insinuated" himself into his hearers. He told laughingly an incident reported to him by a friend who had been visiting Emerson at Concord. The philosopher's little boy being very fretful and tearful, the optimistic parent took the urchin in his arms, and said, caressing him, "I will love the devil out of him." Carlyle evidently thought for such an extrusion a sterner mode of treatment would have been more effective or appropriate. The triumvirate of Lake Poets coming under review, Carlyle declared that he had never given in to the worship of Wordsworth, whom, however, he admitted to be a "dignified preacher and teacher." Southey's prose he called "watery"; and spoke contemptuously of his "coquettings with the Church." He repeated with a certain glee Hazlitt's verdict on Coleridge as a reasoner, "No premises, sir, and no conclusions." In connection with Coleridge and his expositor, John A. Heraud, he told a story, amusing, though it may sound a little profane. Heraud, besides being the author of some grandiose epics—"The Descent into Hell" and "The Judgment of the Flood," which had their admirers—was a German scholar at a time when German was little known, and he tried occasionally to popularise German metaphysics. Carlyle, before coming to London, had read some of Heraud's disquisitions, and after he came to London there seems to have been a kind of intimacy between the two. In any case, he was one of the audience to whom Heraud delivered a very eulogistic and rather high-flown funeral oration on Coleridge. Carlyle sat beside an obese, rubicund City man, who, when Heraud had ended, turned to Carlyle, and giving "a great guff of port-wine" in his face, said, with due solemnity: "Sir, one drop of the blood of Christ is worth it all!" Something that Brougham had said or done (I think in a corn-law controversy with John Bright) led Carlyle into a monologue on Brougham's vagaries after he became Chancellor, which he made the text for an emphatic deliverance on the dangers attending gratified ambition, and the duty of a man to remain contented with the position marked out for him, and not to strive for a higher one. It was not unusual for him to wind up a denunciation by discovering some good in the person or thing denounced. Brougham's promotion of Thirlwall would, he said, be placed to the credit side of his account, or words to that effect. Thirlwall had to resign his tutorship at Cambridge as the result of his plain-spoken pamphlet in support of the admission of Dissenters to the universities. Whereupon Brougham, then Chancellor, presented him to a living in Yorkshire, which enabled him to finish his 'History of Greece.' In the fulness of time he was made by Lord Melbourne Bishop of St. David's, to the great indignation of High and other orthodox Churchmen, to whom Broad-church Thirlwall, as co-translator of Niebuhr, translator, too, though before he took orders, of a quasi-heterodox essay of Schleiermacher's on St. Luke, was a man suspect. Of the movement of contemporary German literature, Carlyle said he knew little or nothing, and asked me what Uhland was about, to which I replied, if I remember rightly, that he was taking an active part in the debates of the Wurtemberg parliament. Carlyle spoke sympathetically of the then King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., as placed in a difficult position between the claims of his hereditary kingship and the demands of Prussian Liberalism. On the whole, he was doing the best that could be done under the circumstances, summoning to Berlin men of intellectual distinction, by which, I suppose, Carlyle meant the King's patronage of Schelling, Tieck, and younger men of promise. In talk like this the evening passed very pleasantly for the junior of the party, who had lost the awe with which he entered that upper chamber. As I was leaving it, Mrs. Carlyle pointed out to me a portrait of Jean Paul Richter, which hung on one of its walls. "His nose is put out of joint," Carlyle remarked significantly. German literature, and a great deal else, was being effaced for him by the Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, "the best fellow I have fallen in with," I once heard him say. Φ

BURTON AT DAMASCUS.

MY first sight of Captain Burton revealed not only the man in his complex character, but supplied the key to the perplexing vicissitudes of his extraordinary career.

On his arrival in Damascus, Burton called at my house. My study adjoined the drawing-room, into which he was shown by a native servant. I heard him command the Arab to fetch me, in harsh, peremptory tones, which were meant to be obeyed. The servant, not thinking that I was in the study, went to seek me elsewhere. I advanced, in noiseless Damascus slippers, to the drawing-room door, and I came upon a scene never to be forgotten. At one side of the room stood my curly-headed, rosy-cheeked little boy of five; on the other side stood Burton. The two were staring at each other. Neither was aware of my presence. Burton had twisted his face into the most fiend-like aspect. His eyes rolled, exposing the whites in an alarming manner. The features were drawn to one side, so as to make the gashes on his jaw and brow appear more ghastly. The two cheeks were blown out, and Burton, raising a pocket-handkerchief to his left cheek, struck his right with the flat of his right hand, thus producing an explosion, and making the pocket-handkerchief fly to the left as if he had shot it through his two cheeks.

The explosion was followed by a suppressed howl, some-

thing between the bark of a hyena and a jackal. All the time Burton glared on the little fellow with the fiery eyes of a basilisk, and the child stood riveted to the floor as if spell-bound and fascinated, like a creature about to be devoured. Suddenly a very wonderful thing happened. The little boy, with a wild shout of delight, sprang into the monster's arms, and the black beard was instantly mingled with the fair curls, and Burton was planting kisses all over the flaxen pate. The whole pantomime was gone through as quick as lightning, and Burton, disentangling himself, caught sight of my Arab returning without me, and, instead of waiting for an explanation, hurled at him a volley of exasperating epithets, culled from the rich stores of spicy and stinging words which garnish Arabic literature. Burton had revealed himself to me fully before he saw me. The child's clear, keen instinct did not mislead it. The big, rough monster had a big child's heart behind the hideous grimaces. The child's unerring instinct was drawn by affinity to the child's heart in the man.

Burton was sound at heart. The more I saw him alone the better I liked him. At Damascus he was truly "a brave, strong man in a blatant land." When you got down through the crusts, you found a fearless and honest friend.

But Burton was given to pantomime. He was always saying things to frighten old women of both sexes, and to make servant-maids stare. He took great delight in shocking goody people, and in effecting his purpose he gave free rein to his imagination. People who knew Burton partially, from meeting him at public dinners or in clubs, have generally a number of gruesome stories to retail about his cruelty and immorality. They often say truly that Burton told the horrible stories against himself. I have no doubt he did, just as he represented himself in the guise of a monster to my little boy. At the same time I am certain that Burton was incapable of either monstrous cruelty or gross immorality. I go farther, and I state it as my firm conviction that Burton was constitutionally and habitually both humane and moral. I knew Burton well, in sickness, in trouble, in disappointment, in his home, in the saddle, under fire, and in the presence of almost every condition of savage life, and I have noticed that acts of cruelty and immorality always drove him into a white heat of passion. A young English lady had been treated rudely at Damascus by a Persian, and when Burton failed in securing official redress, I was in dread for months that he would with his own hand kill the ruffian if he met him. The scoundrel, however, met his fate at other hands. Shielding the weak from cruelty and protecting the poor from oppression, constituted Captain Burton's chief work at Damascus.

Noticing the difference between Burton's real character and that for which he got credit in many quarters, I often asked him how certain specific stories had originated. It was interesting to learn how the legends had grown. Some of them had been told of old Castilian Hidalgos and "British sea dogs" before Burton's grandfather was born. Others were founded on facts, but they had received so many artistic touches at camp fires and in mess-rooms that incidents innocent in themselves had grown to monstrous dimensions. From observation and much inquiry I have long come to the conclusion that the wild stories in circulation about Burton were bogeys, partly borrowed and partly invented—mere adaptations and travellers' yarns to shock and stun and create a little boisterous fun.

The impatience with which Burton treated my servant revealed a characteristic that had much to do with his career. "Genius is patience," said Sir Isaac Newton. If this definition be correct, Burton must have lacked genius. "The Prime Minister's secret is patience," said Pitt. If Pitt be right, Burton had no chance of ever finding his way to the Premiership, for he never learned the secret. I think Burton was not without genius. He was certainly a very clever man, but he could not put up with stupidity in others. I am afraid he sometimes delighted to stick pins in Government officials who mistook the region of the world in which he was located, or who failed to apprehend the facts communicated in his last despatch. I am afraid he never got sufficiently into diplomatic training as to overlook the weaknesses of his immediate superiors, and hence the higher rounds of the diplomatic ladder were not to be trodden by his feet. He was shuttle-cocked about from one pestiferous region to another till at last the Foreign Office, in a lucid moment, sent the Oriental enthusiast to Damascus.

At Damascus Burton began a new chapter, but he was not permitted to start with a clean page. Two incidents in his previous record foreshadowed him, and hampered him in his efforts to make the best of his new consulate. He had offended the religious susceptibilities of both Muhammedans and Christians, and he found himself confronted with bitter, unreasoning prejudice.

It is a question how far Burton's Oriental disguise concealed the Englishman in his pilgrimage to Mecca. I never conversed with a Muhammedan who had accompanied Burton on that journey, but I have seen Arabs who saw Palgrave on his way to Nejed, and his attempts to pose as a native were a constant source of amusement to all with whom he came in contact. Burton's Oriental cast of face helped him when putting on the outward appearance of a Bedawi, but at no period of his life could he have passed for an Arab one second after he began to speak. On the pilgrimage to Mecca, Burton would be known as a devout British Muhammedan just as easily as we recognise an Arab convert on a missionary platform, notwithstanding the efforts of the schoolmaster and the tailor to transform him into an Englishman. And as a perverted Englishman, Burton would be as welcome in the Hajj as a converted Arab would be in Exeter Hall.

Thus far the matter was plain and simple and *en regle;* but when Burton published his narrative it appeared to Muhammedan ears as a tale of deception, and even a Muhammedan does not like to see the rites of his religion travestied. Besides, in addition to Burton's canonical version of his pilgrimage, there was an apocryphal tale of the Murder of a true believer who had found Burton out. This was one of those mess-room tales that had grown from some small beginning to great dimensions, and while it helped the book by making it appear that Burton's disguise was effective, except to one lynx-eyed man, it marked him out as a man-slayer whose life, by Oriental law, was forfeited. To the pious Damascene Burton at first appeared as a Christian who had made the great crowning act of Muhammedan devotion under false pretences, and had shed

Muhammedan blood in the execution of his deception. The new Consul at first appeared to Damascenes as a traitor and a murderer, but it was understood that he was able to give assurances satisfactory to Islam. How the reconciliation took place I know not, but it is certain that Burton became a favourite with orthodox Muslims at Damascus.

Burton's quarrel with missionaries was also an open sore. I do not know the full merits of the original strife, but I believe it was a somewhat mixed affair. Certain benevolent gentlemen have always had a tendency to do proxy beneficence as cheaply as possible. In picking up missionaries they have sometimes been guided more by the price than the quality. Burton, it seems, came upon some of these job-lots, and found them jobbing, as was to be expected, and, with his usual impatience, "went for them." Then a great uproar ensued, in which the original cause was lost sight of, and Burton received the stamp of an anti-missionary Consul. The consular dog had got a bad name, and that was enough for some.

When it became known that Burton was destined for Damascus there was a kind of panic among the missionaries of Syria, and active steps were taken to prevent the appointment being carried out. The Damascus missionaries held aloof from the organised opposition. The moral character of some of Burton's immediate Christian predecessors had not been of a sort to reflect much credit on Christian missionaries, or even on British subjects; and from the missionary point of view it seemed that a moral Consul who made no religious professions might, on the whole, prove as satisfactory as an immoral one who read the service to English travellers on Sundays. Besides, it was known to be the constant aim of the Damascus missionaries to steer clear of all diplomatic interference, and to keep the consular finger out of their pie. They gave Burton a cordial welcome as their Consul, but they also gave him clearly to understand that any action of his, friendly or unfriendly, bearing on their work, would be regarded by them as an impertinent and unfriendly act.

Burton appreciated their kindness, and frankly accepted their conditions, and missionaries and Consul maintained the most cordial relations, and it was understood that the whole missionary body at Damascus deeply regretted Burton's recall. One fact regarding this agreement may be noticed. The restless and energetic Burton maintained the compact in the spirit, but broke it in the letter. He visited all the mission schools in the most gracious manner, examined the children thoroughly, and afterwards made some valuable suggestions to the missionaries as to the perfecting of their educational organisations. He ever after spoke of the teachers and the schools with great cordiality and unstinted praise.

The other missionaries of Syria, with solitary exceptions, maintained their attitude of hostility to Burton, and never lost an opportunity of speaking against him, and some of them not only embellished old stories to his discredit, but invented new ones, *furor ministrat arma*, to prove his deep-seated hostility to the missionary cause. Many influential travellers pass yearly through Syria, deeply interested in the splendid educational and religious efforts that are being made to elevate that land. Everywhere they heard of the anti-Christian Consul, and the constant drip made a deep impression. Almost the only honest and praiseworthy efforts being made to lift the Holy Land out of the slough of Oriental degradation stood to the credit of the missionaries, and it was intolerable that their efforts should be thwarted by a British Consul!

Burton might, by patience and well-doing, have worn down and outlived the hostility of these missionaries, but he had the misfortune to come into sharp conflict with the Jews, and he had thus on his flank an active, persistent, and powerful enemy.

It would be interesting to narrate how a number of Russian and other Jews at Damascus became British subjects, but the by-paths and crooked ways would be too long and intricate for our space. Burton found himself the official head and protector of a colony of British Jews. Some of these were men of great wealth and affluence, and it was well known that the official virtue of helping them was seldom left to be its own reward.

Burton, though always posing as an Oriental, thought fit to hew Oriental prejudice against the grain. He might have seen his beautiful wife flashing in brilliants, roped in pearls, and riding the best blood Arab of the desert; but he threw away all these tokens of appreciation in obedience to an occidental prepossession in favour of common honesty.

Burton found that his Jews were living by usury. Some of them were known to charge as little as 30 per cent., but rates ran up to 60, or more. "His mouth is full of water and he cannot bark" is a common Arab proverb, but Burton had nothing in his mouth, and he barked ferociously. His official duty was to urge the recognition of British claims, and insist on their being paid. That was the form that "law and order" took at Damascus. What did it matter if the people were starving! At the word of the Consul a band of Bashi-Bazouks would swoop down on the defaulting villagers, eat their food, lie in their beds, insult their wives and daughters, until the usurer was satisfied. Should the villagers be unable to pay, they were not only evicted, but driven like cattle to prison, there to rot till they had paid the uttermost farthing. Burton did not like the business. He grew fierce, declared in the strongest language at his command that he would not be "Bumbailiff" in such transactions. I am inclined to think that in this case, as in most others, Burton's impatience led him into doing the right thing in the wrong way. He was indignant, his blood was up, and on being asked gently what was the use of a Consul at Damascus if he did not enforce British claims, he lost the composure befitting the diplomatic service.

The storm broke. The *Alliance Israelite* took up the case of "*poor Israel*." Noble, and humane, and generous Jews in England ranged themselves on the side of "their persecuted brethren." Some of them would have been more fierce than Burton had they known the truth. Correspondence followed and the archives of the Foreign Office now contain Burton's splendid vindication, which may some day see the light. The battle was drawn, and a truce followed, but a simple incident misunderstood soon gave occasion for Burton's recall. His immediate superiors found out the truth, but too late for his return to his dearly-loved Damascus.

SALIH.

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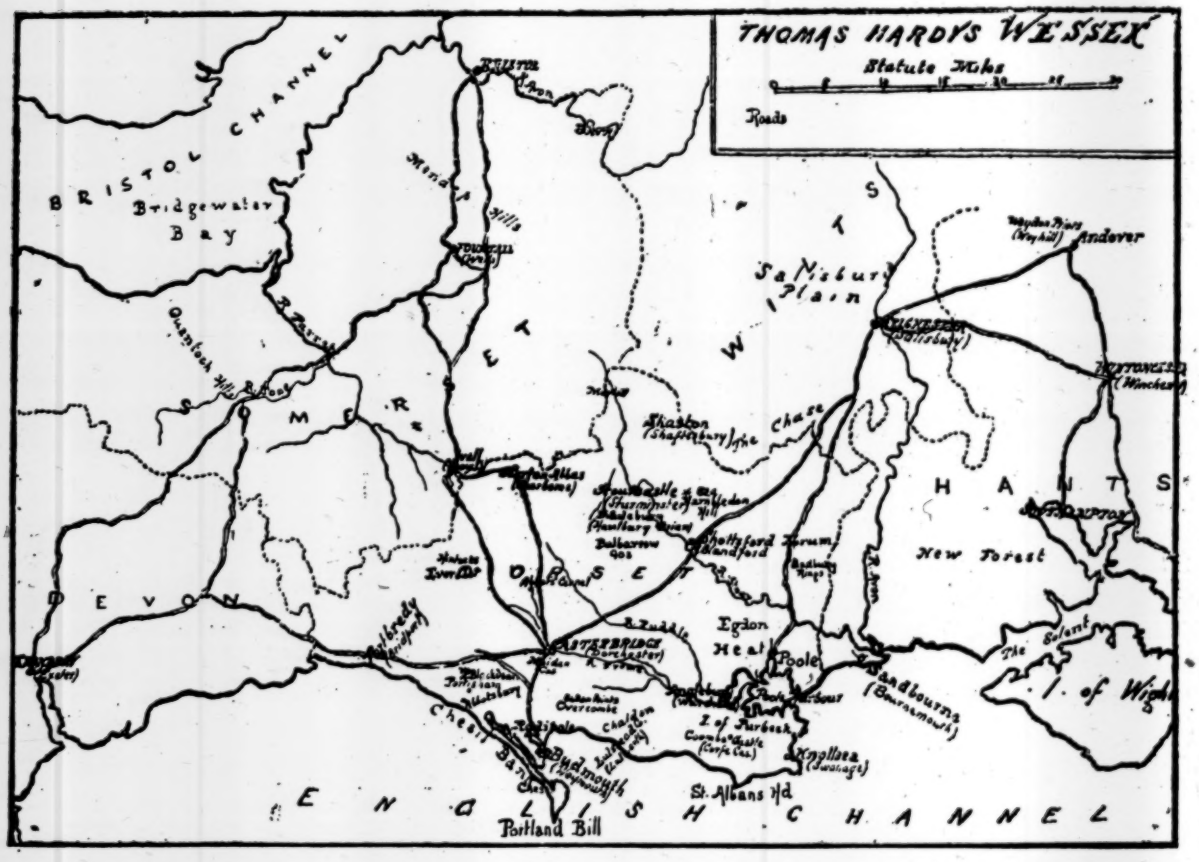

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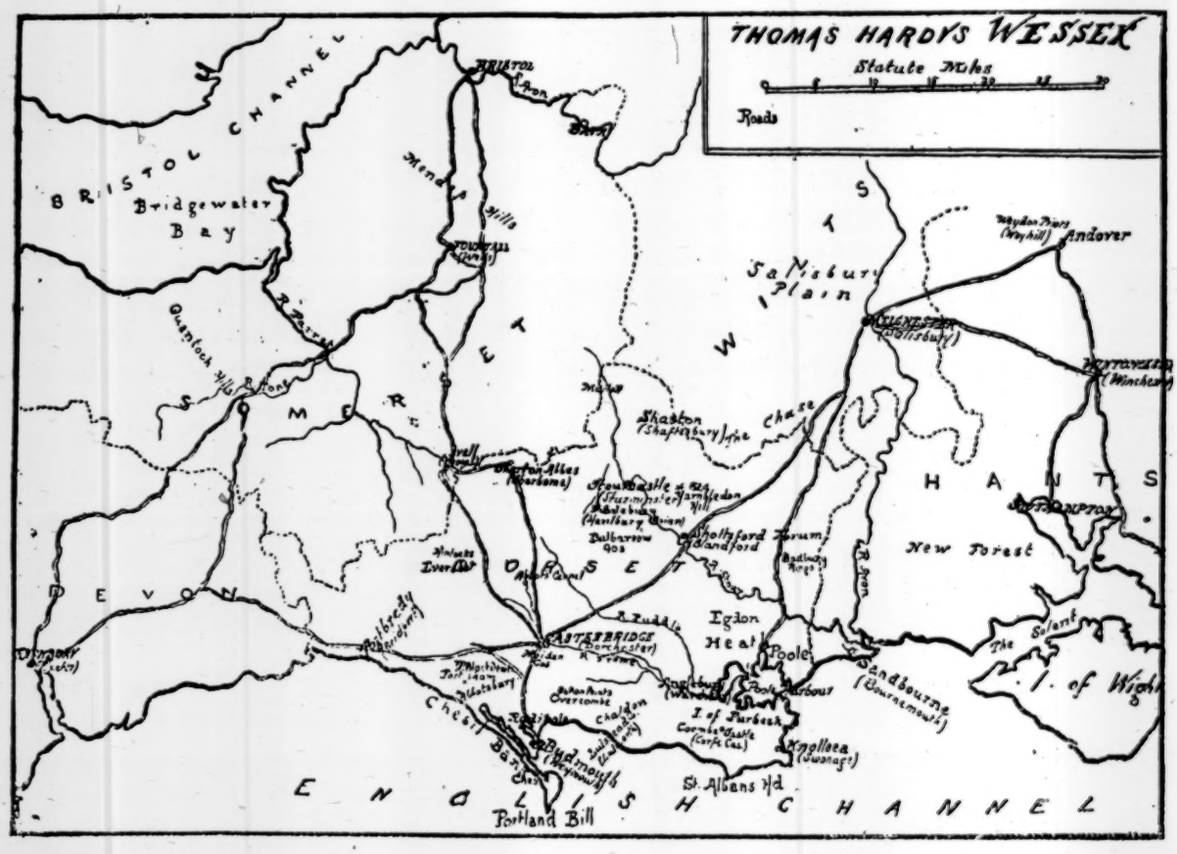

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this short ramble through "dear delightful Wessex," as the devoted painter of its face and manners calls it, "whose statuesque dynasties are even now only just beginning to feel the shaking of the new and strange spirit without, like that which entered the lonely valley of Ezekiel's vision, and made the dry bones move, where the honest squires, tradesmen, parsons, clerks, and people still praise the Lord with one voice for His best of all possible worlds."

"ANOTHER, LONDON."

THE easiest way of becoming a man of letters is to join the Authors' Society. That many know. But even among the Society's members there are probably some, not being novelists, who puzzle over the Society's telegraphic address. It is "*Another*, London," which looks like a misprint for "Author," but is not. A little reflection shows not only the why of this designation, but its appropriateness. The novelists, as forming the majority of the Society, have naturally the say in its business transactions, and they chose this telegraphic address by way of compliment to a personage whom they would do ill without. It is their statue, in a material more lasting than brass, to the most useful figure in fiction. There has been at least one novel without a hero, and several have appeared with two heroines (result none), but Another is as indispensable as Chapter One. A French playwright, despising the spectacular effects which now make a play, declared that for his dramas he only needed two trestles, some planks, and a passion. Similarly the novelist who knows his trade requires no more than a Man, a Woman, and Another. This third, who may be called the middleman between hero and heroine, is of either sex, according to the hero's personal appearance. If the hero is a trifle stout, or inclined to be bald, then is Another a man, for though heroines are strange (especially down Wessex way), they will not willingly marry a plump man or a bald (and quite right too). For their father's sake (he has the father in his power) they pretend to love him, but when his lips approach theirs they cry No, no, and rush in agony from the room. He wonders at their coldness, but puts it down to pretty Fanny's way, not realising that Another has lately appeared upon the scene. By-and-by he sees them together in the shrubbery, and suffers as much as a podgy man may suffer. Being too fat to be a villain, he releases the girl, gives her a handsome dowry (for stout men are wealthy), and leaves her in Another's arms.

But if he is neither stout nor bald? Then Another changes sex and character. The hero is now handsome and beloved, *therefore* Another must (there is no option) be a woman and bad. She wickedly married him years ago, just because he wanted her, and now, when he no longer wants her, she is still (by a legal quibble) his wife. No wonder that this makes him cynical; even the reader is furious with the woman. But of course the hero is too much the gentleman to tell the heroine how he stands. He goes on embracing her, as if Another were not, and this leads to complications which only a fatal accident can end. Another (serve her right) dies in the infirmary after writing an apology (Chapter Forty-eight and Last).

The novelist's art has advanced in strides of late years, until it has become not only respectable (ladies of title write novels, and sign them), but a science. Nothing is more self-satisfying than to turn back to the days of the beginning of the novel—to Fielding and those fellows—and compare the work then produced to what we turn out. The difference between them and us is that they could write novels, but knew not how they did it. We know how it is done, we know all about it, there is nothing in novel-writing that we don't know (and don't tell monthly), but we can't do it. That, however, is a small matter. Yet the beginners had this much in common with us. They made constant use of Another. The first novelists "found" him, and he has had things pretty much his own way ever since.

Of course nowadays we do not call ourselves novelists. If you look up the last census returns you will not find a single person who calls himself by this played-out word. We are realists or romancists, or something subtle and serious of that sort. But whatever be our department, we remain true to Another. He is the proof of our common descent from the novelists. Tell me when Another appears in your pages, and I will tell you whether you are a realist or a romancist—often a disputed point of tremendous importance. A romance is a work of fiction into which Another enters before the hero and heroine are married. Marry them and then bring on Another, and you are a realist. Then there is the American school, which, also, may be identified by Another. In this case he is (like the other characters) the same. There are many other departments of fiction, every one with Another. In one queer kind he is a religion.

There has recently been an outcry against three-volume novels. Though this is not generally known, it came from the powdered menials who have to carry the novels from Mudie's counter to the carriage, and find it an exhausting labour. To end the reign of the three-volumes would be easy. All we have to do is to drop Another, and then the stories would go into the waistcoat pocket. Or, stop, would there be any stories?

Everything considered, the honour paid by the Authors Society to Another has been well merited.

THE WORK OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

THIS attempt to estimate the work of Mr. Kipling shall be mainly illustrated from his last book, 'Life's Handicap,' which is fairly representative, and will be freshest in the reader's memory. Is such an estimate premature? is it unfair? I think not, and for this reason. If his career is not yet closed, at least one phase of it is. Nothing he may yet do is likely to alter, to enhance or impair, the rank he has already taken as an Observer and Recorder of what he has seen of Nature and Man. For such he is—nothing less, nor more.

On the very threshold lie three stumbling-blocks. First, the perplexing form in which his work has been presented to us. From time to time his stray stories have been hunted up and issued in small volumes, arranged on no apparent principle. Many were not worth re-printing—mere doting-Colonel-yarns of the nullah-in-the-foreground

type, mess-room practical jokes, and dingy Simla scandals. These I shall simply ignore. All his best work might well have been wrought into his two books, 'Black and White' and 'Soldiers Three.' Secondly, he is furiously popular. His books sell like the *Sporting Life* or Dr. Farrar's Sermons—and to the same buyers. He has been cuddled by the lewd people of the baser sort, who fancy themselves Athenians because they rave over Τι καινότερον—Robert Elsmeres, Shes, Hes, Hermaphrodites, or what not. Lastly, he has been imported as an Infant Prodigy all the way from India, where he has performed with applause before all the crowned, uncrowned and discrowned heads. Here we at once get into the heart of the question.

Mr. Kipling is neither an Infant—if he ever was one—nor a Prodigy; but his training has been prodigious, if you like—at least in our sleek days. His writings as yet contain no avowedly autobiographical element. It would therefore be impertinent to repeat all that I have been privileged to learn about his early career, and I apologise for mentioning even so much as is directly to my purpose. His gifts of eye and mind are hereditary. Exiled to England like other Indian children he at last broke his chain, found his way back, and sacrificing the advantages of a finished education entered as a mere youth the hard school of journalism. Thus much, and no more.

"But oh, think how wonderfully young!" Granted. Young he was—young he still is—in savage energy, fearless dash, careless confidence; but in other respects old—wonderfully old. He had seen much, heard much, noted much—more perhaps than is well for a lad—while other youthful eyes were riveted mostly on lexicons and cricket-stumps. And that too in a land of varied races and rival civilisations and strange old obsolete, yet living religions, where even a boy who will see and think becomes perforce somewhat of a philosopher. True, he has not been ground small in our educational mill. But is that loss or gain? To us, I think, almost wholly gain. We have enough and to spare of prize graduates, quite as clever as he, who are going to turn out Bacons, Gibbons, and Matthew Arnolds. But somehow they are all so dreadfully alike. Send them to India—as we do in fact. Tell them to look at a jungle, or a Jain temple; they will see just what Ruskin taught them to look for and nothing beyond. Bid them discourse of sepoys, priests, zenanas, village life; they will give you only the same views that other cautious, well-expressed persons have cautiously expressed so well before them. Ask them to judge, to criticise; they will try to tell you not what they themselves think, but what they think the majority of their cultured tribe must be thinking. Among so many Levites surely we have room for one sturdy Ishmael. He has never been taught to see, hear, reflect and describe in the proper Levitical, academical, second-hand way. He just has to do the best he can. What is that best? How has it been developed by his exceptional training? Space only permits me to hastily touch a few points.

As an observer and recorder Mr. Kipling is not really an Impressionist, but rather a Selecter. He does not—even in his 'City of Dreadful Night'—give us a mere sidelight on a passing mood; he seems to see the whole, and make us see it too, by selecting and dashing down a very few intensely significant points. I do not mean that he draws a skeleton of the man or the landscape for our fancy to clothe at will. He takes the skeleton for granted, and just accentuates those half-dozen features of physiognomy which give the keynote to our first view and our last lingering memory of a man or a picture. Those who have visited or read much about India have the background and general composition already in their mind's eye; Mr. Kipling adds the magic touches—and the picture lives. His method is the reverse of Balzac's, but to me at least, as satisfying.

This power of selection naturally involves dramatic art, the instinct of construction and the ineffable tact of omission. These gifts he sometimes misuses and abuses, and too often wholly neglects, as in the ill-judged introductions to some of his stories. But at its best his art is supreme. 'The Finances of the Gods' is a master-piece—so tiny, so compact, so homogeneous—prologue, legend and epilogue, so simply graceful, so paternally tender, such an interior—one almost fancies Metsu painting an Indian conversation-piece—such a seeming lightness, such a deep undercurrent of significance—nothing less than the infiltration, the saturation of a nation's whole life by a Faith to us impossibly grotesque! You think this exaggeration? then clearly you have only skimmed the story instead of studying, analysing, and dissecting it. Another short sketch, 'Little Tobrah,' illustrates still more signally the instinctive knowledge of what to omit. Its intense directness is electric. But enough, for pages would not suffice for analysing the varied forms of Mr. Kipling's dramatic art, varied because unconventional.

Again, note his youthful confidence. Right or wrong he never hesitates, balances, shuffles, sees both ways at once—clearly he never practised writing essays for the head-master.

Humour he possesses, but it is of the grim, broad, not wholly happy, Yorkshire type—the humour of experience. His wit is less striking, save in his felicitous and pregnant epigrams; for example take this—"the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt," or this—"East of Suez, some hold, the direct control of Providence ceases."

His narrative style may lack symmetry and taste, but now and then phrases flash out of native force and beauty. This of a caged wild beast asleep—"troubled by some dream of the forests of his freedom"—or this of the Amir—"His word is red law; by the gust of his passion falls the leaf of man's life, and his favour is terrible"—though here perhaps we may trace an Oriental model. Indeed, long passages might be selected of vivid, nay majestic force, or pathetic beauty marred only by a few blemishes. When he observes most keenly, he describes most eloquently, as you will own if you study the perfect sentence on page 37 about the Indian starlight. And above all he has never learnt the trick of reeling off neat pages of something or other about nothing.

One other feature in his rich variety—variety, look you, not versatility. His method never changes, but he applies it with equal force to such varied material, such diverse experiences—for experiences they must surely be. His German, his Fenian, his Rajah, his Yorkshire Methodist, his Malay murderer, his Burmese priest, his Moslem mollah, even Bimi the orang-outang, are as Shaksperian as his Soldiers Three—that is, each is a veritably individual specimen of a distinct generic type. Once rightly conceive the

relations of individual, species and genus—that is, if you can—and you may conjure up a living man in ten lines, instead of manufacturing him in a whole chapter.

The final result of this peculiar self-training is an attitude, a manner, a style of presentation wholly personal and individual. There is something like it in much of the nervous, high-pressure work of the best American, and probably also Anglo-Indian, journalism. Yet not quite the same. Mr. Kipling will of course find imitators, but among his predecessors, can we point to a single page which could be mistaken for his best work? Whether it be good, whether it be bad, he has added yet another to the many forms of English literature.

Such are the more obvious merits of his books, viewed from the purely literary and artistic side. But he has also *les défauts de ses qualités*. These, and with them far deeper and more suggestive questions—the moral significance, the human interest, the philosophic bearing, the present achievement and the future promise of his work—remain yet untreated. Y. Y.

BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

IT seems rather a sad thing to say that in spite of all the Reviewers who review books, and all the Critics who criticise them, the public are generally bewildered by the multitude of their advisers as to what books they should buy. Now what should they do? Why, go to their bookseller and ask his advice, and I am glad to say they do. I am very sorry for the reviewers, and I am sure they would be sorry for themselves to find that in spite of all their proffered help to the reading public, the bookseller is assailed all day long with the query, What have you got new? Many booksellers pin their faith to the *Athenæum*, but, as a rule, a bookseller's judgment of a book is arrived at by a process unknown to the reviewer, and I hardly think it is my business to detail that process here. It may, however, be sufficient to say that before a book is published an early copy is submitted to him, and after glancing at the volume, he is very quickly able to say whether the book promises to be a success. Of course he is frequently wrong, but, as a rule, a bookseller never makes a mistake in purchasing too many copies of a book. Now this brings me back to the reviewer. We frequently find elaborate reviews of a book which bring the customer to the point of purchasing the volume, but alas for the wasted efforts of the reviewer, the price of the book is found to be quite beyond the means of the purchaser. Now why in the name of common sense does not the reviewer mention the price of the book? It can be very easily ascertained, and be the means of saving the reader and the bookseller a great deal of trouble.

It was said at one time that a review in the *Times* was sufficient to carry off an edition, but these days have gone, if they ever existed. It still has a considerable influence on the sale of the book, and I had an experience the other day which will show its power. A customer called and said that there was a book reviewed in the *Times* that morning, he could not remember the name of the book, and on being questioned as to the subject-matter of the book, he could not remember that either, but all the same he wished a copy of the book. My experience taught me that there had been some happy phrase or sentence in the review which had caught my customer's eye, and that was quite sufficient to cause a craving for the volume. The *Spectator* is particularly happy in this way, and a short review there is frequently more successful in creating a demand for a book than a lengthy notice with nothing particular in it, or minus one of those felicitous expressions which immediately rivet a reader's attention.

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There is no doubt that the year 1891, so far as it has gone, has been a very indifferent one for the booksellers. There has been a want of any conspicuous book to give a spurt to business. It is a curious fact that one single good book is quite sufficient to make a good season. The knowledge that there is a book of thrilling interest on the bookseller's shelves exerts a magnetic power on a book-buyer in causing him to wend his steps towards that book, and the purchase of that one book leads to his being the possessor of a considerable parcel, to his intense surprise, but to the delight of the bookseller. We now want something to "boom," as

> "The Rudyards have ceased from Kipling,
> And the Haggards Ride no more."

We are now all anxiously waiting for the coming season, but as yet there is not much sign of any good thing. But as the "unexpected usually happens," there may be something in store for us which will make our hearts rejoice.

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Many booksellers now say that bookselling is on the decline, and they point to the diminishing number of booksellers in town and country. Others, again, that there are more books sold now than thirty or forty years ago, and I think this opinion is the correct one. Bookselling may be in a smaller number of hands, but the output of the publishers is still a tremendous one, and it must filter through the booksellers in some way. It is an exceedingly pleasant and delightful business, but it doesn't answer for a bookseller to be too much of a "bookworm," as he must study the commercial as well as the literary aspect of a book if he is to be regarded as a successful man of business. But I fear "the trade" is not attracting the best men within its borders, or if they do come in they are generally in a hurry to get outside again. There has, however, sprung up quite recently in London a spirit of "camaraderie," which promises to have great influence in knitting the trade together and restoring a better feeling than has hitherto prevailed.

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PATERNOSTER ROW FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE collapse of the old firm of Groombridge and Sons starts one thinking of Paternoster-row as it was forty years ago. In the corner of Panyer-alley old Mr. Groombridge was a well-known figure, and a comfortable business he and his sons—counterparts of the father—carried on, but the day of good Scotch agencies has passed, and the old firm had for a long time been going, and has now gone. What wonderful changes have taken place on the same side of the way since Groombridge and Sons were agents for the *Christian Treasury* and *Hogg's Instructor*, etc. The Scottish publishers of the former, Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter, once a prosperous house, subsequently had a branch establishment

not far off (under the management of Mr. Theobald, formerly trade manager of the Religious Tract Society, and Mr. Dalgleish, now of the firm of Dobbs, Kidd and Co.), but the firm has long since passed away. Close to Panyer-alley, Messrs. Aylott and Jones, two much respected members of the trade, conducted a wholesale bookselling business, but their capital was not sufficient to compete with the larger houses. A few doors lower down, the part-publishing establishment of Mr. Alderman Kelly stood, but the palmy days of the canvassing trade have ceased. Within a short distance were three second-hand book stores, viz., Messrs. Ives and Swan, Mr. Ebenezer Palmer, and Mr. Richard Baynes. The last named, perhaps equally well known as "Dicky Baynes," was a well-known "character"; he was succeeded by Mr. Alexander Heylin, who combined publishing with second-hand bookselling—unsuccessfully. At the corner of Ivy-lane Messrs. Sherwood, Gilbert and Piper conducted a wholesale bookselling business in an old building which gave place to the excellent premises of Messrs. Kent and Richards, their successors. Two other firms close by have disappeared, that of Wertheim and Mackintosh and Hall, Virtue and Co.; this last-named firm was at one time the publishers of the popular prophetical works of Dr. Cumming, and the first work of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, 'The Saint and his Saviour,' now published a few doors off, in premises on the site of which formerly stood the house of Ward and Trego, a celebrated theological business, where the *Evangelical Magazine*, *Eclectic Review*, etc., were published for many years. The partners have long since been dead, but Mr. Trego's respected manager, Mr. J. C. Crisp, is still living. The business was bought by Jackson, Walford and Hodder, who removed from St. Paul's Churchyard (the premises were rebuilt by the present firm, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton). Their near neighbours were Messrs. Partridge and Oakey, the enterprising publishers of a three-volume 4to edition of Matthew Henry's Commentary; and Mr. John Snow, who published the *Christian Witness* and the *Christian Penny Magazine*. Mr. Snow, who only recently passed away, was succeeded by his son and his assistant, Mr. Gogerly, who removed to Ivy-lane, nearly opposite to the old-established house of the founder of Messrs. Virtue and Co.'s business, and where a few years previously Mrs. Virtue (all honour to her) took an active part behind the counter.

On the site now occupied by Messrs. Nelson and Son, stood a large wholesale drug business, which, like the soap store on the other side of the way, had to "clear out" in favour of the literary lords of creation! It was a great satisfaction to the bookmen of "the Row" when Messrs. Knight and Co., the soap boilers, took their departure. Such good neighbours as Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams and Co. close by could be readily tolerated, for it has been affirmed, with some truth, that they were dealers in the same articles as some producers of old divinity—"dry goods"!

Of old-established firms on that side of the Row no longer to be found, there may be named that of Messrs. Duncan and Malcolm, where Messrs. Blackwood and Sons' premises now stand, and the almost forgotten but important house in its day of Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy. Just beyond the premises now occupied by Mr. Elliot Stock, and formerly by Mr. B. L. Green and Mr. H. J. Tresidder, was the shop of Messrs. Houlston and Stoneman. An interesting fact connected with this house is that Mr. Worster, who has survived both his old employers, is still identified with Messrs. Houlston and Sons in Paternoster-square, having been connected with the same business for sixty-two years.

On either side of Paternoster-row was found a rendezvous for literary men—authors and publishers—but "The Chapter Coffee House" and "Dolly's Chop House" belong to a day that is past, and their place has not been supplied elsewhere.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

We propose under this heading to give from month to month statements by representative and leading booksellers of the volumes they have found most popular during the month (15th to 15th). We make a beginning this month by printing first the report of a leading West End bookseller, who says that the best selling books from August 15th to September 15th have been—

1. Lucas Malet's Wages of Sin. (Sonnenschein.)
2. Kipling's Life's Handicap. (Macmillan.)
3. Mary E. Wilkins' New England Nun. (Osgood.)
4. Barry Pain's In a Canadian Canoe. (Henry.)
5. Russell's Life of Gladstone. (Low.)
6. Rousseau's Confessions. (Stott).

The next is from a large bookselling house in the West End of Edinburgh. The firm kindly send us in order the best selling new books and older books for the same period.

New Books.

1. Kipling's Life's Handicap.
2. Wilkins' Humble Romance and A Far-Away Melody. (Douglas.)
3. Dods on St. John. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
4. Scott's Journals. (Douglas.)
5. Oliphant's Royal Edinburgh. (Macmillan.)
6. Stokes on Acts. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
7. Scottish Minor Poets. (Walter Scott.)

Older Books.

1. Waverley Novels. Various vols.
2. Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh.
3. Chambers' History of Rebellion of 1745.
4. Norman Macleod's Works. Popular edition, 3s. 6d. (Burnet.)
5. Jerome's Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.
6. Lowell's Poetical Works. Various editions.
7. Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.

The third is from a very large bookselling house in Central London.

1. Kipling's Life's Handicap.
2. Besant's Amorel of Lyonesse.
3. Gallienne's Book Bills of Narcissus.
4. Webb's London Programme.
5. Fothergill's Aldyth.
6. Sidgwick's Politics.

Stock Authors.

1. Scott.	3. Thackeray.	5. Carlyle.
2. Dickens.	4. George Eliot.	6. J. M. Barrie.

We invite the co-operation of booksellers in adding to the completeness and interest of these lists, which will be regularly catalogued.

THE PROVINCIAL DAILIES—THEIR PRESENT POSITION.

There is a popular belief that of all kinds of business the owning and conducting of newspapers is the most profitable. Fabulous stories are told concerning the wealth of certain newspaper proprietors, from which the public proceeds to a hasty generalisation concerning all. It is impossible to bring these legends to the test of facts. For the first instinct of a newspaper proprietor is to be secretive. The capital value of his property, the amount of his revenue, and the state of his circulation are among the profoundest of mysteries. Even when the newspaper is owned by a joint stock company, its affairs are, as a rule, equally dark. We know of at least two newspaper companies, which make it a prime qualification in engaging a manager that he shall know enough of the compositor's art to set the quarterly balance sheet with his own hand, and in the privacy of his inner sanctum. And as these companies are for the most part family affairs, the secret is well kept, even when the sad necessity arises of putting a balance sheet into circulation. Occasionally, a brief indiscretion may give the public a glimpse behind the scenes. We know an evening newspaper which in a mad moment of elation announced on immense posters that it had circulated twenty thousand of an issue containing an account of a Whitechapel murder. The public smiled, the advertisers whistled. They, poor innocents, had imagined that it always circulated twenty-five thousand. But barring these unintentional lapses into candour, an occasional exposure in the bankruptcy court and the balance sheets of one or two companies whose affairs are public property, there are no clues or next to none. Nevertheless, those who have been behind the scenes in newspaper business during the last half-dozen years, will mostly agree in saying that the public belief about newspaper profits is grossly exaggerated. Indeed, there are some who go so far as to say that if the total capital invested in newspapers could be lumped together, including good and bad businesses in one, the average return on it would be found considerably below the level of Goschens, and this in spite of the fact that there are certain big established newspapers which habitually give their proprietors from twenty to forty per cent. profit.

The provincial press is undoubtedly passing through a period of financial trial. The cheapness of paper has given an immense impetus to competition, and nearly all possible and many impossible coigns of vantage are occupied. There is practically no opening in the country for a new morning paper to make a profit without damaging or destroying some paper in possession. Indeed, the proprietors of some morning papers are at their wits' ends to reconcile their position with the increasing vogue of the evening paper. They are making nothing by the increase of population. They find their circulation stationary, if not diminishing. The new business is passing into the hands of some upstart evening journal, a portion of the old—notably what are known as "small" advertisements—is drawn the same way. When Mr. John Bright declared that the evening paper was the paper of the future, he hardly reflected upon the painfulness of this truth to the proprietors of morning papers. What are they to do under the new circumstances? Shall they plunge into the new business themselves, or stand aside and let others come and grasp it? Some have taken the plunge, others are shivering on the brink, but whichever course they take, they are faced with difficulties. To begin with, unless they are very careful, they will find that their new paper competes disastrously with their old. It seems a cheap and comfortable way to make up an evening edition from the matter already in type for the morning paper, and to add the fresh news as the day advances. Nevertheless, it is a fatal way. The public at once makes up its mind that the evening paper is a repetition of the morning, and it will either discontinue the morning paper and get what it regards as the same article a halfpenny cheaper, or it will patronise the rival evening paper, which comes out fresh from the beginning. Newspaper proprietors have finally grasped this truth after disastrous experience, and there is now no more settled axiom than that if you wish to add an evening paper to a morning, you must make it entirely different throughout. When the *Yorkshire Post* Company started its evening paper in Leeds two years ago, it erected new and separate offices, and sent a circular to all its correspondents requesting them to send different accounts of the same events for morning and evening papers. The Manchester papers have long acted on the same principle. Except on these lines the evening paper will compete disastrously with the morning, and probably fall a victim to the first competition itself.

Nevertheless, the rush into evening papers has been quite reckless, and in the north of England especially there has been a grand scrimmage between new comers and old stagers. A few instances will make the matter plainer. In one Yorkshire town at the present moment there are three evening papers and two morning, and rumour has for some time been busy with the possibility of a third morning paper. Big as the town and district are, they cannot possibly give an adequate return to five or six daily papers. Another, about the same size, has only one evening paper to two morning. The proprietors of the two morning papers fought each other with evening papers for several years, but finding that the district would not support two, they composed their differences, and one bought the other out. A third is an even stronger example. In that town, with a modest population of 170,000, and no "district" in the newspaper sense outside, there were until the last few months three evening papers, each as big and one bigger than any evening paper in London. Of course, by all business considerations the thing was ridiculous, but it took six years to convince the proprietors that one if not two of them must go. Meanwhile, one had passed through the bankruptcy court, but was bought and kept alive by a political purchaser. In a fourth and much smaller town, which at the best of times affords but a precarious livelihood to newspapers, a desperate attempt was made to start another evening paper, despite the fact that an eight-page morning and a big evening sheet were already in the field. Notwithstanding these examples, and a great many more which could be added to them, the idea of a new evening paper exercises a fatal spell, and is still the favourite madness of speculators in big towns.

But why, it may be asked, should newspaper business defy the economics of industry by obtaining capital for hopeless enterprises? The answer is that the running of newspapers is governed by a host of reasons which are not commercial at all. For those who regard it simply as an investment, this is its fatal drawback. If a man sets up as a corn merchant he may expect competition, but he may be fairly certain that his neighbour will not start a rival business for personal or political motives, and spend his capital on it regardless of profit. The newspaper proprietor has no such assurance. On the contrary, he may at

any moment find his business marred by wealthy amateurs, who will start and maintain a paper from no business motive whatever, but simply and solely to advertise themselves or support their party. Such a rival may be a heavy loss itself, but yet draw off just enough business to wipe away his margin of profit. A political, even a personal squabble, the adoption of an unpopular line at a critical moment, may be the ruin of a long-established business. During the last five years the Irish question has been fraught with anxieties of this kind to the proprietors of Liberal newspapers. To become Unionist was to challenge the attention of party organisers at headquarters, and incur the risk of an opposition paper being started. To adopt Home Rule was to offend the well-to-do and commercial classes, which are the mainstay of morning papers in big towns. To strike an attitude midway between Unionism and Home Rule was perhaps the worst course of all, for the public cannot abide attitudes. Any possible course, in fact, meant the alienation of valuable clients, and we know not how many papers have groaned under the boycott of one party or the other since the upheaval of 1886. The editor has had to face his public with a bold front throughout these troublous times, but proprietors and managers who are under no such necessity have mingled their imprecations at the politician and all his works. As the result of it all, there is a growing opinion among managers that Unionism is good business for morning papers and Radicalism for evening papers, and some of them would gladly run both from the same office, if a stupid public could only be made to understand the *rationale* of the thing. Since that is difficult, the manager is left complaining that his market is spoilt by politics and political "kept" papers. He has to compete with bounty-fed opponents, who are insured against loss, and to whom profit is only a secondary consideration. He is threatened with opposition, not because his news is deficient or his article inferior, but because his politics, which are no more than a fraction of his total product, may happen to give offence to a wealthy partisan.

But the Home Rule question has not been the only difficulty. The labour question has been quite as bad—in some respects worse. Certain Liberal editors have imagined that they could launch out unreservedly in support of the new unionism. To the manager it wears a wholly different aspect. He finds that the advertising tradesman and the bulk of middle-class readers who make circulation for morning papers, view with intense suspicion any encouragement of the modern labour movement. If it goes far, they begin to withdraw their advertisements and to patronise the rival paper. There is one morning paper in a big town which suffered so severely from its zeal in the labour cause, that the directors, though Liberals and Radicals themselves, thought it necessary to dismiss the editor and make a fresh start. The difficulty is not much less with evening papers. There is a general idea that the working classes are great readers of the halfpenny evening paper. Proprietors are beginning to doubt it. The mass of labourers will make no effort to support the evening paper which espouses their cause, if its rival, which chastises them every day, happens to be more expeditious with its "winners" or more lucky with its "tips." Not long ago, an evening paper in a big northern town thought to make a great boom over the visit of certain labour leaders from London. By dint of heroic efforts, it produced a six-column report of proceedings that had taken place in the morning and afternoon, and presented it for sale at a mass meeting of labourers in the evening. The result was that it sold exactly six additional copies, while it disgusted its ordinary readers, who regarded the whole thing as very near sedition. To add the finishing touch, its rival the same day contrived to beat it over a horse-race, and probably added nearly as many thousands as the other did units by its labour boom.

Nevertheless, the last six years have brought certain compensations. The year 1889 was a splendid advertising year, probably the best on record. Well-established papers paid larger returns than ever before in their existence. Prospectuses paid for at the rate of a shilling a line came with a rush and kept the coffers full. The boom continued until the Baring crash of November, 1890; then came reaction and collapse. In the first quarters of the present year, many morning newspapers must have shown at least £100 a week difference in their advertisement returns compared with the same quarters of the previous year. Meanwhile, certain hopeless businesses had been bolstered up by the temporary prosperity, and others had been tempted into new and extravagant departures. Enlargements, special wires, and even special trains have become the order of the day—some of them very much regretted by those who rashly plunged, but most difficult to withdraw from without loss of prestige. The fear of losing prestige is the nightmare of newspaper managers.

In this article we have treated the matter simply and solely from the commercial manager's point of view. We know well that there are other points of view equally or more important. What may be grief and sorrow to the manager, may be pure gain to the public. What may be ruinous financially, may be right morally and politically. Nor is it possible to say anything which is true of all papers. They differ in their standards and methods, as they do in their prosperity. The London papers stand in a class by themselves, and work under conditions which do not exist in the provinces. But no one can thoroughly understand the history of the English press who does not realise that each paper is a resultant of conflicting forces, in which politics and business are perpetually struggling for the supremacy. The marvel is that editor, manager, and sub-editor contrive to compose their differences so well, and that the result is on the whole so creditable. But the last few years have brought new conditions as well as special difficulties, and none of us can quite foresee the end.

NEW BOOKS.

HERONDAS.*

The famous Aristotelean 'Constitution of Athens' was not the only treasure discovered in the batch of papyrus MSS., which recently, in some manner not yet divulged, came into the possession of the British Museum. The trustees have lately published a quarto volume of some 120 pages, edited by Mr. F. G. Kenyon, containing facsimiles of other MSS., collations, and especially seven tolerably complete poems, varying in length from 85 to 129 lines, of the mimiambic writer Herodas or Herondas. The happy discovery of these last has revealed to us not merely the work of an author hitherto practically unknown, but also a class of literature of which no specimen had previously come down to us. We knew the names, but little more than the names, of many so-called *iambographi*, of whom Herodas was mentioned as among the most successful; and grammarians had left on record some descriptions of the character of their poems. But we were quite unable to verify these accounts, and the "interest" which Professor Mahaffy found in the dozen or so mutilated and corrupt lines quoted from Herodas, was perhaps due as much to the lively fancy of the brilliant historian as to anything in the lines themselves. Hence students of Greek literature were filled with the greatest curiosity to know something more of the nature of the new discovery. It was soon seen that the difficulties attaching to the interpretation of the poems would be numerous and great. Some parts of the papyrus are quite illegible. The errors of transcription abound, though happily most of these can be readily removed after a little familiarity with the scribe's characteristic tendencies. But the corruptions left are often serious enough. Then the vocabulary is strange; not only are there many dialectic forms, some of the most interesting and suggestive quite new to us, but also there are words not found elsewhere, the meaning of which can only be guessed at. It is evident that Herodas will supply a happy hunting-ground for critics for many a year to come. Mr. Kenyon exercised a wise discretion in printing the text just as it is found in the papyrus, only dividing (in many cases but provisionally) the words which there are written continuously, and giving a few suggestions in footnotes, some of the best of which are due to that excellent scholar, Canon Hicks. On the basis of this Dr. Rutherford has issued what he calls a "first recension." It is evidently a product of haste, pursued, as

* 'Herondas: A First Recension.' By W. G. Rutherford, LL.D. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 2s.

he tells us, in the midst of much other discordant and almost contradictory work, and must be looked upon merely as a series of *tentamina*, helps towards an edition from his own or some other hand. But few English scholars were so well prepared by their previous studies as the editor of Babrius for the task which he has undertaken, and there are many brilliant and not a few certain emendations of the text. On the other hand, there are some quite impossible suggestions, and others which can only be regarded as desperate attempts to restore some sort of sense until the true correction is discovered. *E.g.*, in iii. 33 the reading ἐνθαῦτα κοσκίνου ἐκ τετρημένου σήθει is very clever, but not very close to the MS., and suggests no reason for the appearance of the traditional τετρημένης. In i. 35 there is little to give us confidence in the supplement. In i. 42 Mr. Hicks's restoration is closer to the text. In iii. 21 ληκυθου is expelled for κίθρη in accordance with Dr. Rutherford's favourite theory of adscripts, but the need of the expulsion is not clear. In v. 81 the alteration of the reading brings in a gratuitous difficulty.

The form in which Dr. Rutherford has issued his edition is not to be commended. As he says himself, "My own conjectures can only be discovered by comparing the text with that of the editio princeps." Hence the reader who has not the quarto at hand can never be sure whether what he is reading is due to a transcriber of (possibly) the first century, or the emender of the nineteenth. It would not have added greatly to Dr. Rutherford's trouble if, wherever the correction is not that of a merely careless slip, the original text had been given in a footnote, as is the invariable rule with all good German critical editions, and with many English ones. Hence the scholar must keep Mr. Kenyon's volume constantly before him. But the student of literature will be thankful to have these interesting pieces in a more legible form, although for him, too, the excellent sketch, in Mr. Kenyon's introduction, of the plot and the characters in these satiric dialogues will be almost indispensable. It seems pretty clear that we have in them poems intended for dramatic representation—we may remember that even the Eclogues of Vergil were produced with great success upon the stage—and that they belong to that Alexandrian school of which Theocritus is the most important extant representative. In fact, the famous Fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus, though differing in dialect, in metre, and to some extent in tone, comes nearer to these mimes of Herodas than anything previously known to us. The light which they throw on many points of literary, of linguistic, and even of artistic development is already so great that we shall look forward with great eagerness to an edition which shall treat these points with fulness. And if it is found that these poems raise more problems than they solve, that will only increase our sense of their importance.

MACMILLAN AND CO.*

This volume has been executed in a manner which is worthy of the honourable career it records. Some publishers may have achieved more startling successes than any even of Messrs. Macmillan, but big sales of bad books the latter have never aimed at. None have done more to raise the whole manner of the publication of books. They have been steadfast to two great principles: first, never to publish a book which they did not think worth reading; next, always to give all books fair opportunity so far as printing and binding were concerned. Looking over this catalogue, it is with growing surprise one notices how very few of the titles are unfamiliar, and we suspect there will be resurrections among some of the books that are for the present dead. Every one knows that it is almost always a pleasure to handle a Macmillan book—the binding is invariably tasteful, and some of the new sizes introduced by the firm peculiarly neat. The only exceptions we recall are the sermons of the eminent preacher, Dr. Maclaren of Manchester, the get-up of whose books is a standing discredit to the publishers.

The editor of this volume has done his work with such scrupulous accuracy that it can bear the most minute examination. May we suggest that a list of books announced and never published would be highly interesting? Hort, Benson, Hughes, and some others would figure there. A fuller list of the names of anonymous books might have been given with ease and advantage, though we are grateful for some facts new to us. Among these is that R. W. Essington, so little seen of late years, was the author of the *Legacy of an Etonian*, and the *Island in the Moor*. That Mr. Essington retains his literary faculty was shown by his very clever article on Rowland Williams in the *Academy*. Nor did we know of W. G. Clark's 'Score of Lyrics,' a little pamphlet published in 1849. Clark's small book of sermons was disappointing, but the testimony of James Payn and many others of his pupils shows that he must have been a brilliant man. But why keep such an open secret as the authorship of 'A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen'? Why make a mystery of the identity of "William Lancaster"? Why not say that Leslie Stephen was the "Don" who wrote about Cambridge? Why not reveal that 'Yes and No' was the joint work of two brothers, Dr. H. R. Reynolds and Dr. Russell Reynolds? Why not reveal the identity of the author of 'Spring Songs'? Mr. Skelton has no need to blush for any of his books.

It is curious to note how some books fail to catch the public taste. One of Mr. Payn's very cleverest and most readable books is 'Meliboeus in London.' It never sold, and we have no doubt the word "Meliboeus" killed it. Lowell's brilliant 'Fireside Travels' never got out of the first edition, and poor Alexander Smith's 'City Poems' are in the same pass, though, strange to say, his 'Edwin of Deira' struggled a step further. We hope Messrs. Macmillan will yet see Smith revive. Walter Besant's 'Studies in Early French Poetry' were also stationary in the first edition, though they well deserved to get out of it, and we have good hopes for Ruffini's 'Vincenzo.'

The growing popularity of Charles Kingsley, Maurice, and Macleod Campbell, is noticeable. Two books which apparently keep up as well as any in the list are 'Tom Brown's School Days' and 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' the latter being regularly reprinted every year. We may suggest that it would meet the convenience of many if the subjects of such books as Arnold's Essays were given under each volume.

* 'A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan and Co.'s Publications from 1843 to 1889.' (Macmillan and Co.)

PIERRE LOTI'S 'LE LIVRE DE LA PITIÉ ET DE LA MORT.'

M. Loti tells us that this his last book contains more of himself than anything he has ever written before. It is for M. Loti's readers to say whether they welcome the confidences with which they are entrusted. The book indeed in some of its pages raises nice questions concerning the relations of writers and readers, which not even the "Hands off, critics!" appeal in the preface can altogether stifle. Let the beauty, the evident sincerity of that particular chapter he shrinks from subjecting to criticism, be its safeguard. It is not needful to scan it closely here with irreverent eyes. But its mere existence, launched out into the somewhat rough and tumble world of books, suggests reflections which need not hurt M. Loti's sensitiveness. The spectacle of a man pouring out his indignation or his aspirations, and proclaiming his spiritual autobiography through printed words, we are familiar with. In fact, one of the chief uses of a book is to provide the means of an appeal to a wider field of hearts and more generous sympathies. But what is not familiar is to listen to such private, recent experiences of the heart and hearth, poured out to a world that is not after all over refined in its dealing either with men or sentiments. M. Loti, who is so calmly disdainful of critics, who accepts them as an existing evil, but looks on the most of them as beings quite beyond his comprehension, might or might not be astonished to learn that this ninth chapter made one of them desire to slink away as if he had been caught eavesdropping in some scene where his presence or his listening was a sacrilege. Now this may be mere prudery, and the writer's relations with his other "unknown friends" may be of that perfect

* Pierre Loti. 'Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort.' (Paris: Calmann Lévy.) 3fr. 50c.

and intimate sympathy which removes all such embarrassment. But were these confidences to become general, we tremble to think what would be the result in this "copy"-hunting age. The philosopher "peeping and botanising on his mother's grave" might become a model of reverent demeanour by comparison. However, though a consideration of this point gives some importance to one chapter, the book is well worth notice for other reasons, though it is fragmentary, indeed unequal, and occasionally commonplace, and some part of the rather lengthy "Vie des deux Chattes" might have well been reserved for the delight of "mon fils Samuel" alone, though cat lovers will say otherwise. To enlarge on the exquisite workmanship of the style is to utter commonplaces when M. Loti is in question, whose aim is to "fixer d'insaisissables choses" in language, and who almost succeeds. From a literary point of view there is in the whole volume perhaps nothing more remarkable, and of its kind nothing more remarkable anywhere, than the chapter called "Rêve." It seems so slight at first, as if spun in gossamer, and in this consist its skill and power. It opens by the expression of a wish that there were a language apart in which to write of dreams and visions. M. Loti has almost found that language. This is none of your dreams with a purpose—long, full of incidents, circumstantial,—but a dream such as may visit you several times in a night, vivid, yet passing from the memory like a lightning flash, with the invariable condition of a past taken for granted, and the lack of any emotions of surprise at finding yourself in the given surroundings. The chapter is in its way a contribution to the theory of dreams, broken memories stretching backwards to some past ancestor's experience; but let such hard questions go.

It is not the cheerful side of life M. Loti presents to us in those sketches that give the book its name; it is not the side that is often put forward, at least in polite literature. There is little wailing over the ills of humanity, respectable, cultivated, aspiring humanity. Your sympathy is demanded for the misery of the uncouth, the filthy, the hopelessly weak and useless—the cat, loathsome in its suffering, the children of Pen Bron with their hideous disfigurements, the ox, when the flash of intelligence reached his heavy brain and told him for what reason his stall companion was led away, and, most pathetic picture of all, in "Le Chanson des Vieux Epoux," the two poor old Japanese beggars, Toto-San and Kaka-San, clinging in their misery still to life.

In these pages M. Loti has the effect of some soft-stepping sister of charity whose faith and duty bring her into strange places, who has come to look on nothing as unclean, and whose mission is to the "désherités quels qu'ils soient—enfants malades, vieillards pauvres et abandonnés, ou même bêtes battues qui tremblent et qui souffrent." Pity for the disinherited of the earth is indeed the predominant note, and after that an obstinate resistance to death, a resistance, however, into which fear does not enter, though M. Loti has been taken soundly to task by his critics on this point. A naval officer who must have lived in face of Death every day and who yet never grew used to his grisly neighbourhood! He is well enough aware of the minor tone of his book, and evidently has no wish to spread melancholy where it would be unbearable. The dedication, therefore, though personal, may be presumed to have a wider range than merely to reach her whom it expressly names, and to whom it presents its sad aspect "sans crainte, parce que la foi chrétienne lui permet de lire avec sérénité les plus sombres choses."

IN SCRIPTURE LANDS.*

America, to which we are indebted for two of our best books of scientific travel—need we specify Robinson's 'Biblical Researches' and Trumbull's 'Kadesh-Barnea'?—has now sent us an illustrated book on Scripture Lands, which deserves a warm recognition. It is true, we have seen much of it before in the *Century Magazine* (1887-1890), but we are glad to have these picturesque sketches of travel brought together in so tasteful a volume, and if we have to confess a distaste for some peculiarities, it is with the full consciousness that they may have a justification in the circumstances of the origin of the book. Mr. Wilson's style is vivid, and the word-painting supplies to some extent the deficiencies of the camera. But trans-Atlantic words and idioms jar sometimes upon one's ear, and the literalism of the author's view of Bible narratives will shock many educated readers here. A considerable part of the book is occupied with a Scripture narrative, less critical even than that of Maclear's handbook, on which many of us pined in our youth. We regret this, first, from a layman's point of view, because the lay mind approaches the Old Testament as a literature, and after realising its geography and its manners and customs with the help of the travellers, resents being sent back for the most important literary data to antediluvian handbooks. And we equally regret Mr. Wilson's sacrifices to literalism for the sake of his book, which is now formless, though with many delightful details, especially those wordless ones due to the artistic use of the camera.

The novelty of the illustrations is really remarkable. Even among the fifteen Egyptian views there is much that is absolutely new in connection with the "find" of royal mummies at Deir-el-Bahari. But the acme of interest is attained by the views and descriptions of chapters II.-V. There are here absolutely no faults of taste in the style, and one is able throughout to sympathise with the enthusiastic traveller. Among the minor views, that of the wells of Elim may be mentioned; most illustrations of "Scripture lands"—not, however, M. Lortet's in *La Syrie d'aujourd'hui*—neglect bird-life; we are only sorry that the "enchanting spot" where Mr. Wilson, like the children of Israel (?), next encamped could not have been reproduced here. The mountain views are first-rate; would that the colours could be represented! But the author's word-painting, here as always, is good. Take this for a specimen. It is on the summit of Râs-es-Safsâfeh that we are standing.

"The rugged 'Rock of Moses' lay at my feet, as black as the shadow at its side. Across the plain, on each side, the crag-crowned mountains were glowing with streams of ruby colour. Nature seemed preparing for some great spectacle. The horizon was submerged in a molten sea of flame, while the sea, now blue, now green, now golden, now as red as blood, was all in a tremor. Now gray veils of misty fabric began to rise from the shadowed plain, moving to and fro like spectres. Then the solid amethyst of the western sky was rent, and stripes of turquoise were discovered between. There was not a sound. Quickly, as though by the turning of some mighty wheel, the glorious colouring disappeared. Not even the sea could be discerned. The lights went out. . . . . .

"But the glorious peaks above us were clothed in a new attire. Catching the mellow light as it arose, half their height was submerged by the fog. Like a sea of silver it caught the light, and reminded me of a tented field, or of tossing mounds of snow as I have seen them from Mount Washington in winter" (p. 49).

We can only briefly mention the tantalising description of the gorge of Ain Hudherah (Hazeroth), to whose ineffable glories photography can do but scant justice. But it is the views of Petra which, with the descriptions, make the fourth chapter the most important one in the book. As a mere narrative of adventure it calls for high praise. "Who will bring me into the strong city?" is a question which not every modern traveller has been able to answer satisfactorily. Mr. Wilson owes much to his dragoman's cleverness, but for which he and his party might have been robbed and sent back without seeing Petra; as it was, they were robbed indeed, but saw Petra. And how fully they saw it! Really it is not worth while to visit such great monuments in hunger and weariness. Poor Mr. Doughty deserves to see Petra again in a caravan of hearty American friends, and recant those hard words, "ghastly waste monuments," the offence of which is only mitigated by his evident appreciation of the Khasna. Our space forbids us to dilate on the wonders of this chapter. Surely such strange architectural effects can hardly be seen elsewhere. But we must direct the student's attention to the large-sized picture of a wildly situated altar (p. 104), which illustrates Professor Robertson Smith's learned exposition in his 'Religion of the Semites.'

* 'In Scripture Lands. New Views of Sacred Places.' By Edward L. Wilson. With One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations from Original Photographs by the Author. (London: The Religious Tract Society. 1891.)

Chapter V. is amusing; it records the author's search for Dr. Trumbull's Kadesh—a geographically fruitless expedition, which ended not unpleasantly in another adventure with the Bedouins (Mr. Gray Hill's rascally Azâzimeh), and the discovery of "Sheikh Wilson's Kadesh." The rest of the book, which we have conscientiously read, cannot be examined at length. We will only mention our strong doubts whether it is safe to recommend the new American theory of the site of Golgotha as confidently as is done here. Mr. Haskett Smith has done his best for it in *Murray's Magasins*, but a many-sided criticism of his essay, and of the larger work of the late excellent Mr. Howe, seems requisite. "Now the site seems to be actually accepted," says Mr. Wilson's authority, Dr. C. S. Robinson, of New York; but our impression is that the authorities of the German 'Palästina-Verein' would give a different opinion. But let us drop criticism. The latter part of the book, dealing with Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, and the road from Sidon to Damascus, is excellent, and the small photo-engraved relief map is a useful novelty. Let us add that the volume is mostly printed from plates prepared at New York.

A NEW POET?*

This choicely printed little book opens with an ambitious poem on Wordsworth's Grave. Another on Matthew Arnold's follows. In an advanced poet this Harveian vein seems rather out of date. Does he seriously believe that what was and is Wordsworth really "rests," "sleeps," "slumbers" in the hallowed Grassmere Medina, as yet "undefaced by vandal lords with lust of gold accurst," that the surrounding scenery still cherishes his memory as fondly as the local innkeepers, or that "high-born Rotha remembers well who slumbers near and with cool murmur lulls his repose?" Not a bit! He knows quite well that Rotha would not feel the least compunction in sweeping away the holy Kaaba if it could, and washing the very relics out of the vault. Does he sincerely mourn because "cities in their million-throated thirst menace each sacred mere"? He knows all the time that it was only one mere, and that in exchange the "cities" have given him a very nice new mere in Wales. Besides, his own noble phrase betrays him; he would be the very first to own that Thirlmere is more truly poetical slaking the million-throated thirst that if it were kept strictly preserved for the use of whimpering sentimentalists, and that vandal bard-worshippers with lust of notoriety accurst have no right to lay a tabu on other people's property throughout a whole district. Pious Wordsworthians believe in this cant; Mr. Watson does not; but he had better not say so, or they will turn and rend him.

The poem, however, is mainly a critical sketch of English Poetry in the last and present centuries. The criticism is singularly just, dignified, liberal, and sympathetic. The whole secret of Wordsworth lies enshrined in the three last stanzas of the Dedication—we need nothing more. In spite of its local-associationism and some occasional dissonance of thought and diction, the poem is a very fine poem indeed.

The political pieces—among them a group of sonnets on the Egyptian doings of 1885—are unsatisfactory. The fact is a Tyrtæus should never republish. He invariably misconceives and exacerbates the situation, and should he come to live as long as our Laureate, is not sorry to forget his meddling. Sonnet VI. is the best; V. the worst. Most denounce our blood-guiltiness, yet one, 'Foreign Menace,' is strangely bloodthirsty. The 'Political Luminary,' the fetish he reverently flogged in 1885, he now probably regards as no more than a highly versatile person with a marvellous digestion—merely a case of the longevity of the parrot. In 'Ireland, December 1st, 1890,' he is stunned by the untoward fulfilment of the unconscious prophecy in his rapturous union-of-hearts frenzy, 'England to Ireland, February, 1888'—"Bonds may be severed, but what were the sequel? Hardly shall amity come of divorce." No! Tyrtæus should never, never republish.

Of the other poems, the 'Raven's Shadow' is obscurely fine, the 'Mock Self' profoundly true, the 'Glimpse' a perfect gem of feeling and expression. Perhaps the best of all, at least the only one which seems to catch on to the memory—and therein lies the difference between the Master and his Disciple—is 'World-strangeness.' It marks the change from Wordsworth through 'In Memoriam' to Stevenson's 'Will o' the Mill.'

Mr. Watson's versification is sometimes rugged, awkward, and eccentric. His ear is satisfied with coupling these two lines, "To him and to the powers that with him dwell" . . . . "And that secluded spirit unknowable." Or take at random one of his fine thoughtful epigrams. "Hornpipe and hurdy-gurdy, both are dumb Unto the most musicianly of winds." Musicianly? Hornpipe?—if a dance, it makes nonsense; if a reed instrument, why then it is not dumb.

Is this a new poet? Well, to begin with he knows what is and what is not poetry. He has started well; has put himself under the best master without blindly copying him. He takes pains. Like Gray, he aims at what he calls the "frugal note." His tone shows a slight but perceptible advance on his school. So far he is in the right path. As yet he is simple and sincere. If he becomes a fetish he is lost, if he can beat off his flatterers he may yet scale the sacred hill. Poet-critic or critic-poet, he knows his road.

* 'Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems.' By William Watson. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Diary of a Reader.

Sept. 10*th.*—I feel like a pious Thibetan whose praying machine refuses to revolve. I went the round of my libraries this morning to collect a batch of books, in order to beguile the tedium of the next ten days, which I shall have to spend in this barren city, friendless and alone. But "to him that hath shall be given." Smith, who has gone down to Scarborough with his family, might surely bethink himself of poor Jones, whom he leaves toiling in London; if he gets the change of air, he might leave to Jones the change of books. Not at all. The Smiths take not only themselves, but the whole of Mudie's along with them. The London Library is depopulated of peripatetic professors; the circulating library round the corner is left a desert by the maiden ladies in the next street. The librarians find me inconsolable. A librarian seems to imagine that one has the catholicity of appetite usually attributed to the ostrich—equally prone to devour the fruits of the earth and the earth itself.

As I could get nothing from my good friends the librarians except the dry remainder biscuit of last year's novels, I fell back on more general lines of investigation. If I could not read myself, I would at least know what Smith and Robinson were reading. Doomed to stay on shore, I would know how they were faring in mid-ocean.

"There is no book which can be said to taking the world by storm at the present moment," the librarian answered to my queries, "but there are a great number of holiday books which are running one another very hard in the public estimation. Of the less recent books, Joseph Hatton's 'By Order of the Czar' is still having an extraordinary popularity—probably owing to the treatment of the Jews in Russia. Rhoda Broughton's 'Alas!' is, of course, still popular among her own public, while a good many people have been asking for Maxwell Gray's 'In the Heart of the Storm,' Mr. Norris' 'Jack's Father,' Algernon Gissing's 'A Moorland Idyl,' and the recent novels of Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Grant Allen, and Mr. Marion Crawford. But the most popular

books of the month are the new books by the new men—Q.'s 'Noughts and Crosses,' Rudyard Kipling's 'A Life's Handicap,' and Oscar Wilde's 'Lord Arthur Savile's Crime.'"

For these books, therefore, I have put my name down.

Sept. 20th.—I spent the morning with Mr. Marion Crawford's 'Khaled.' The West and the East meet: an Oriental damsel gives us the latest theories of the London and New York drawing-rooms on the eternal and ubiquitous subject of Love. It is an excellent story in many ways: Mr. Crawford has caught the "atmospheric trick" of the East. He tells it with some of the fascination of my old friend, the good lady Schehezerade.

But what a disappointment, then, to turn from this to his last book—'The Witch of Prague'! For here the narrative is buried under the tedious fanaticism of footnotes and interpolations, in which Mr. Crawford tries to convert us to a positive and scientific belief in the harmless improbabilities and impossibilities of his romance. It is as if Bulwer Lytton or Edgar Allan Poe had committed the profanity of writing their stories with the purpose of "bringing us nearer to the unseen," or as if Mrs. Shelley had tried to prove the existence of Frankenstein's monster. Poor Mr. Crawford! He must have fallen under the influence of some lady-members of the Psychical Society! Let us hope he will not found a new religion. Seriously, this familiarity with the spiritual side of things in our novels is the latest proof of our profound materialism.

It was an intense relief, after this, when I turned to the latest volume by that mysterious entity, "Q." If you want stories, and not essays in the guise of stories, here they are. This is undoubtedly the best book that "Q." has yet produced. They are good human tales, without a note of false sensationalism and without any straining after false humour. So many stories nowadays are full of scorn for the everyday life of humanity—that scorn which is "the fume of little souls"—that it is refreshing to come across a writer in whom the springs of human sympathy rise clear and undefiled. Now that "Q." has sloughed his Rider Haggard skin, and gone through his necessary period of Dickens-imitation, he may go far. He will be one of the best influences in the literature that is to be.

I wish I could say the same of Oscar Wilde, over whose clever book of *jeux d'esprit*—'Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and other stories'—I have been spending the evening. These stories are clever and harmless enough, but I have been thinking of Mr. Wilde's work as a whole. Mr. Wilde is not a man to be scoffed at. He has heaps of ability, and will never be a negligeable quantity; and that is probably all the praise that he himself wants from any one. But he has heard the devil's whisper, and, so long as he can secure the good things of the earth, will burn incense at any shrine. I have been running lately through all the work that he has produced thus far, in order to get some general estimate of the man, and I feel surfeited with a Mephistophelean cleverness. I see in him the sophist *de nos jours*, who, like all the sophists, is intent on spreading war among the various aspirations of man—proving to him that he can strive after the beautiful without the good, and the good without the true. He is a past-master in the abuse of paradox. Unless he gains some ballast, his Muse may some day become "procuress to the Lords of Hell."

Sept. 30th.—Another batch. Rudyard Kipling at last! Yes, one has to wait for him. And no wonder. "Sweet after showers" of Oscar Wilde's squibs and innuendos is the frank, healthy naturalness of Rudyard Kipling. Here is our "young barbarian all at play"! And we have all grown to love the young savage; we allow him a chartered liberty of phrase and episode; we let him shake his sides with laughter and use strong language in a way that would have been considered crude and vulgar in a London-born writer. All Grub Street stands amaze. Perhaps, then, after all, London is not the only place where one can acquire a literary style of one's own and rise to a solid income by writing! I am inclined to agree with their profound conclusion. Our great debt of gratitude to Rudyard Kipling arises from the fact that he has come to save us from the monotony of London literary work—the work that never escapes the atmosphere of these endless grey streets and their eternally leaden sky. And here, buried in these stories, I have spent several hours in the glowing sunshine of the East, girt round with the sense of romance that lives in that atmosphere and dies in this.

It was a great contrast to turn to the flat expanses of Holland, where you find yourself submitted to some of those melancholy influences that seem common to all the northern countries of Europe. Mr. Maartens is a Dutchman by birth, but writes in English, and in his new novel, 'An Old Maid in Love,' there are a good many English touches. But his real and unique power is the same as that of David Teniers—the painting of Dutch interiors. The somewhat shoddy love-story that runs through this book will be pardoned by those who read it for a knowledge of Dutch life. As such it is of great value, though Dutch interiors are not always beautiful.

Miss Wilkins' stories have the common Teutonic touch. In these tales of New England life, there is the same note and interest in and sympathy with the every-day life of humanity that is the dominant note in the best fiction of old England, and which recurs in our Dutch kinsmen over the water, and in the great Norwegian writer whose fame is spreading through the world.

And now I must really read no more novels this month. I am sated with unreality, and must return to facts. My business has begun again; my family has returned; and Smith and Robinson have brought back theirs. I made Smith stare this morning by telling him that while he had been at Scarborough I had visited three Continents! He asked me how long I stayed in each? Poor Smith! he is a dull dog. He reads two novelists. The former he calls "a good sound reasoner"—a curious function for a novelist—while of the latter he says, "Jones, my boy, if you read ——— I'd see you smile more often." I dare say, but such a smile would be too dear at the price.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

WE propose under certain regulations to examine and give an opinion on manuscripts sent us by young and inexperienced authors. It is particularly requested that the following regulations be carefully read before any manuscript is sent:—

1. All manuscripts must be addressed

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7. Type-written matter is much preferred, but this is not ESSENTIAL.

To these regulations we add that we do not in any sense attempt to rival the excellent work done by the Society of Authors, who for a guinea undertake to give an opinion, necessarily much fuller than ours, on any manuscript, and addressed direct to the writer. For the most part we expect merely to classify manuscripts under headings, with an occasional note; the meaning of putting a manuscript in Class I. will be that it is worth while to send it to a magazine or publisher, but further advice we cannot give in the columns of THE BOOKMAN. No doubt there will be occasion for plenty of talk on subjects of interest to the young author as time goes on. Meanwhile we present to them a letter written by a most popular lady writer of small books of fiction. The circumstances under which it was received were peculiar. A young firm of publishers just beginning business were asked by a lady not altogether unknown in literature to publish a story of hers which had been declined elsewhere. Both were anxious to do what was fair, but both were inexperienced, and they agreed to refer to the writer of the letter, who was a personal friend of the authoress.

"I hardly know how I can give any advice to a *publisher;* that is, looking on the other side of the shield. But as to royalties, I always think the ordinary rate is a fair one—that is, one penny in the shilling on the selling price of a book. I ask that; and I know other authors who take it. We must remember that while the writer receives his remuneration upon the very first hundred of his book, the publisher has often to sell thousands before he begins to recoup himself for the costs of production and advertising, and in many cases he will be at a loss, if the book happens to be unsuccessful. If I were a publisher I would take no book on a royalty, except from authors so well known that it would be absolutely sure to command a sale large enough to cover expenses. I should say that publishing is a very difficult business, and I daresay you have heard the remark that there is something demoralising in dealing in books, wine, and horses. I do not see that there need be, except that all three are subject to many casualties, and it is necessary to make one success pay for many failures. Of course the successful author does not like paying for unsuccessful ones, but it is absolutely necessary, or we should have no publishers, and nothing could be more worrying to an author than to be obliged to arrange all the getting up of a book. It is quite bad enough to correct proofs.

"If you will tell your friend frankly what sale your books have had, as far as you know, and he will tell you what his estimates as to advertising, workmanship, etc., are, you would both be better able to calculate the best way of sharing the profits, and I can assure you I am quite content that my publishers should get as much as I do by my books, only I do not like them to get more."

The spirit of the letter is worthy of all admiration, but it should be remembered (1) that in the matter of royalties well-known writers should not be put on a level with beginners, and (2) that the writer of the letter was in the habit of publishing books which sold at a low price and contained a great deal of matter.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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